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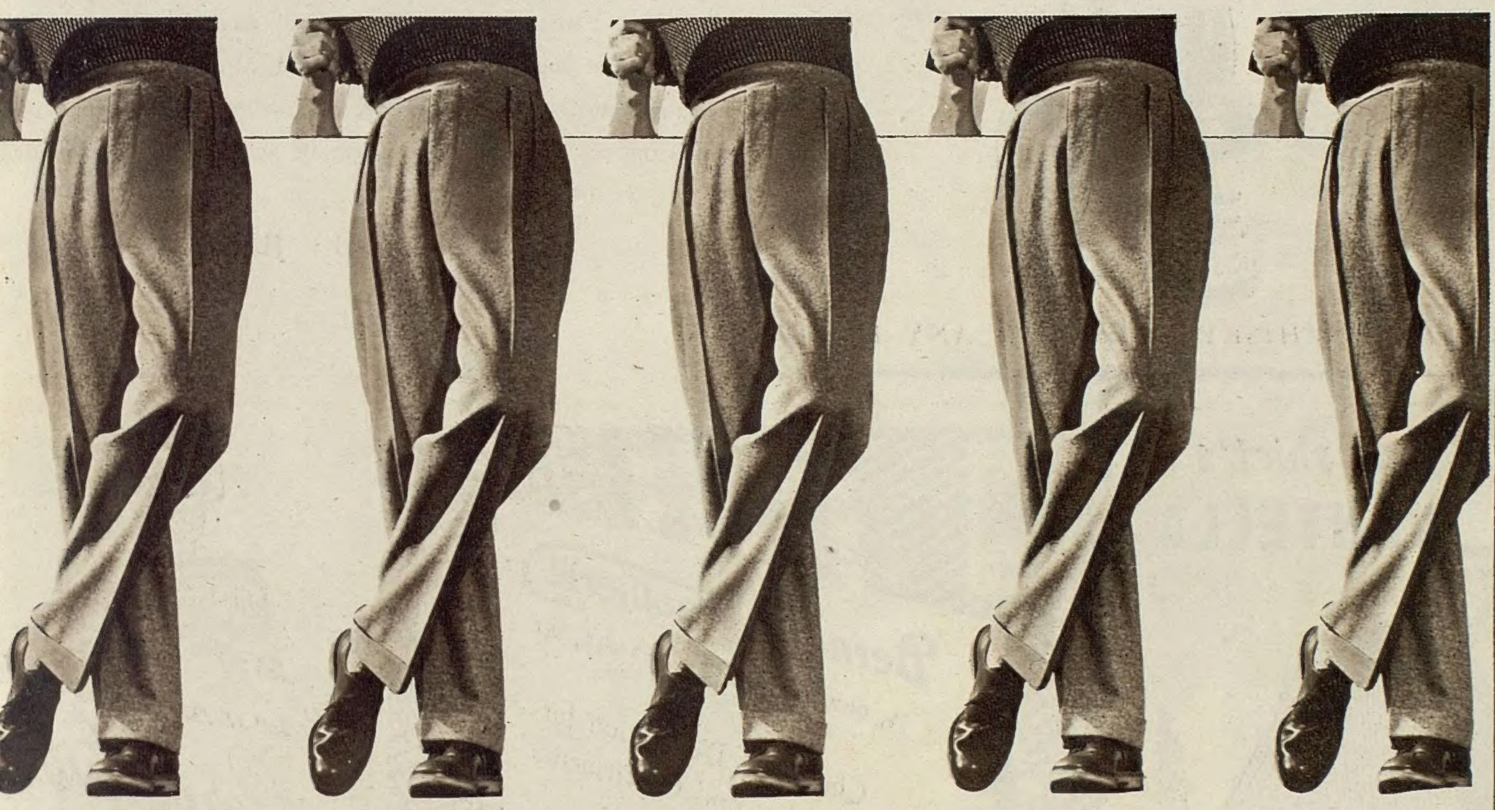

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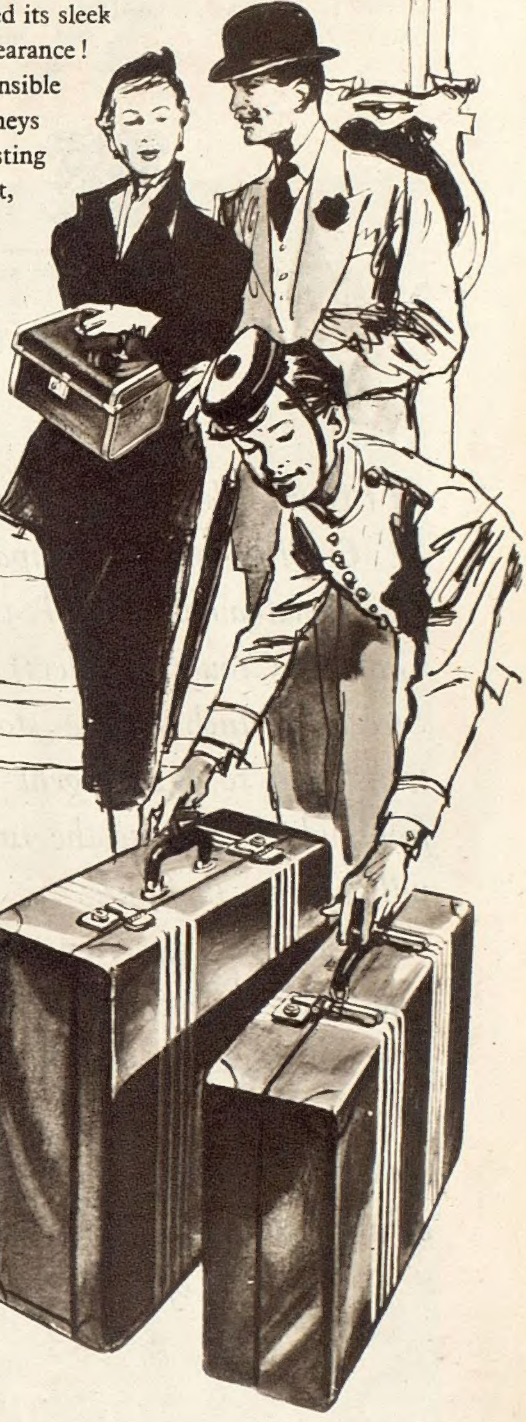

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The Sketch
WEDNESDAY, JULY 2, 1952

Photographed by Bassano.

YOUTH AND BEAUTY

The LADY CAROLINE BLACKWOOD, elder daughter of the Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava, who is giving a dance in a fortnight's time (July 16) for the coming-of-age of Lady Caroline and the coming-out of her younger sister, Lady Perdita. Their brother, the present Marquess, will be fourteen next Wednesday (July 9). The family seat is Clandeboye, County Down ; their London house 4, Hans Crescent.

TRY-OUT FOR A CHAMPIONSHIP.—Boys at Eton made the two "boats" which will be used in the Dry Land Rowing Championship of the World at the Lord's Taverners' Ball next Monday; and here they are watching a vigorous try-out in Eton's mechanics workshop by John Snagge (who will stroke the Taverners' eight), Cecil Mays (Mechs. Master), John Herbert (Maths. Master), and Taverner J. L. Stableford. The Taverners' eight will be: John Snagge, who will also compère; Trevor Howard, Jack Hawkins, Raymond Glendenning, Captain Anthony Kimmins, Richard Attenborough, Frank Lawton, John Mills and Robertson Hare (cox).

Our Motley Notes

By Toby O'Brien

AT Oxford, unlike that provincial university which is situated on the edge of the fens, every office at the Union Society is normally contested. At Cambridge, though I believe contests have been known, once a candidate has been elected Secretary, he passes through the higher offices to the Presidency almost automatically, in much the same way as City Fathers progress towards the Lord Mayoralty. The Oxford custom is perhaps the better one, as in the three-year span of an undergraduate generation some speakers develop tremendously, while others fall off in the course of three or four terms. The news that this term there was no contest at Oxford for the Presidency creates a break in the series of three elections every year which has extended over the past forty years. The fortunate President-elect has been spared the rigours of campaigning without appearing to do so. For both Universities have rules which forbid canvassing. There are, however, more or less subtle ways of circumventing these, with which successive generations of candidates are familiar.

I always like the story of the candidate who was to become one of the most prominent figures of our present episcopal bench who, when asked if he canvassed, replied: "Good heavens, no! On the contrary I make a point of visiting all my friends and reading them the rules *against* canvassing." In my time at Oxford the Socialist Party used to adopt the principle of holding one of their meetings immediately before the elections, whereupon somebody would wish the best of luck to "So-and-So and So-and-So, who are standing for this or that office at the Union."

I was successful in my Schools term. I had been beaten the term before as a result of the transferable vote system: I share, I believe, with Mr. Malcolm MacDonald, the High Commissioner in South-East Asia, the distinction of being almost the only candidate who has been elected on the first count and then beaten by the transfer of votes from the bottom candidates on the list. (Consequently we also share a prejudice against proportional representation and other odd electoral systems.) My principal opponent was a charming and able little Indian, who is now, I believe, a pillar of the new Indian Government, Mr. Humayun Kabir, who belonged to the same College. As I was in "digs" and engaged in a last-minute attempt to catch up on the terms and the work which the locusts had eaten, I very seldom went into College. On one occasion, when I was in the lodge collecting my letters, one of the porters, who was a friend of mine, came out and said: "Excuse me, Mr. O'Brien, you won't mind my saying so, but I would dine a bit more frequent in 'All if I was you. That there little Mr. Kabir, 'e 's pattin' all the rowin' men on the back and saying: ''Allo, great man'"! However, I do not think that Humayun made much of a dent (in other than an intellectual sense) in the solidity of the rowing vote.

TALKING of Oxford rowing, I am delighted to see that Dacre Balsdon, who was Sub-Rector of my College, has produced another of his deliciously funny, fantastic novels. This one, entitled *Freshman's Folly*, deals with events in Eights Week. Dacre, whom as a freshman I considered the acme of mature sophistication, but who was, I suppose, in no more than his middle or late twenties at the time, had, if I remember rightly, the task of being my "Moral Tutor"—which, I hasten to add, was, at that period at least, a sinecure. I was amused to see that he slips in a reference to the true story of the scion of the noble firm of biscuit-makers who, at the "Don Rag" in Hall at the end of the term, received an excellent report from his moral tutor. The tutor responsible for his work, however, could find nothing better to say than the following: "Well, I think Mr. —— tries. In fact, I am *sure* he does. But his trouble is that he is illiterate." The young gentleman sprang to his feet, gathered his gown about him with as much dignity as can be afforded by an Oxford Commoner's gown, and swept out with the words: "Gentlemen, I did not come here to have my mother insulted!"

To revert for a moment to the Union—at the Authors' Club dinner the other night one of the speakers was Mr. Douglas Jerrold, the Queen's Printer, whose firm, Eyre and Spottiswoode, has, with the Oxford and Cambridge University Presses, a monopoly of printing the Bible and the Prayer Book, and which will be getting extremely busy shortly over the Coronation Service. Douglas Jerrold held office at the Union for longer than anybody else. He was Secretary when the 1914-18 war broke out, and resumed office again at the meeting in 1919, when it was re-inaugurated. (In the last war the Union never closed down.)

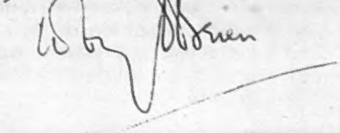
A NIGHT or two after the Authors' dinner, I went to a very different type of club. This was a memorable evening when, with the Marquesa de Casa Maury, I paid a round of visits to the Feathers' Clubs. These clubs for boys and girls in London's poorer districts are impressive for the excellent way in which they are run (largely by the members themselves), for the good work they do, for the friendliness with which they greet visitors, and the obvious popularity of the Marquesa herself, who, I reckon, could leave a jewel-case unlocked in an unlocked car in these slum districts of London (where the police go in pairs) without the slightest worry. Unfortunately, like other clubs, they exist on a shoe-string, and nowadays the string is wearing pretty thin. As Sir William Rootes, the Hon. Treasurer, said: "It is cheaper to keep a boy or girl in a youth club than in a remand home." (I believe the actual figures are £17 as opposed to £300 a year.) So that if any readers happen to get an appeal in the near future, they will know that any response they make will be devoted to an excellent cause.

A day or two after this appears, on July 7, in fact, another most worthy function in aid of an excellent charity takes place at Grosvenor House. This is the Lord's Taverners' Ball in aid of the National Playing Fields Association, which was to have been held in April, but was, of course, put off because of the death of the King. I am looking forward to the "dry land rowing championship of the Empire," with a Taverners' crew which will include such brilliant, if unorthodox, oars as Messrs. John Mills, Richard Attenborough, John Snagge, Anthony Kimmins, Roger Livesey, John McCallum, Jack Hawkins and Frank Lawton, with Raymond Glendenning as a slightly overweight cox.

A 1921 Rhine wine at Messrs. Hallgarten's wine-tasting in the City recently was still in good, if faded, condition. I wonder whether in my lifetime I shall ever see so great a year for hocks and moselles as that long summer of almost unbroken fine weather produced—though on their present showing, the '49 wines are obviously going to be of an impressive quality. Twenty-one years is a long time for a German white wine, but it all depends, of course, on the fundamental greatness of the wine and the way in which it is kept. Some champagnes, for example, will keep to a remarkably ripe old age. Thus, just before the war, I drank a '96 Moët et Chandon brought directly up from the cellar in Rheims, where it was originally bottled, and shortly after the war I had a most interesting "voyage of discovery" among really old wines. I was recuperating from an illness at Dromoland Castle, in County Clare, the ancestral home of the O'Brien family, shortly after the present Lord Inchiquin inherited it. In the cellars were bin after bin of cobwebbed wines. There were some magnificent ports and a great deal of champagne. Of over a dozen bottles of the latter, four were as clear and as sparkling as when they were laid down, two or three had become that amber-coloured still wine which, while you cannot call it champagne, is a most delightful drink, and the rest were vinegar. Labels had long disappeared and the brandings on the corks were indecipherable. All the wines, however, must have belonged to years earlier than 1911, as it was in that year that Donough Inchiquin's father became an invalid, and they ceased to entertain. I believe, therefore, that the champagnes we drank were probably 1906, the previous good year, or even earlier.

Dromoland is a huge place. My great-great-grandfather spent a small fortune on rebuilding it, and Donough now runs part of it as a most attractive guest house for guests, vouched for by personal friends, who want to spend a holiday in the comfort of the house and the peace of the West of Ireland. Incidentally, I wonder how many landowners in this country can equal the record of the three estate employees who recently received the Royal Dublin Society's medal for fifty or more years' service. M. Liddy, the senior herdsman, has sixty-five years' service; Harry Craig, the estate blacksmith, fifty-four; and Jim Clancy, the estate mason, is a comparative new boy with a bare fifty years.

THE name Donough, which can be spelt in almost any way you like, is almost wholly confined to my family. It was to visit a young gentleman of that name that I went down recently to St. Ronan's, Hawkhurst, for the sports. The prizes were given away by Admiral Caslon, who presented a challenge cup for the father's race. It was impressive more for its inscription than for its size. Indeed, the Admiral, in announcing his intention, fumbled in his waistcoat pocket and produced a silver cup slightly smaller than the average egg-cup. The proud father to whom it was presented was a little disconcerted by the inscription, which read: "Race for wild asses." At a New Year's Eve party in Malta, his host organised an impromptu race back to Valetta in Maltese donkey-carts. The course was over four miles in pitch darkness. The Admiral won, and shortly afterwards received the cup which will now annually grace the sideboard of the swiftest St. Ronan's father. There are no Caslons now at St. Ronan's, but there was still one in the youngest Donough's first term. At lunch in some local hostelry he pointed out a slightly less small boy, and said in awed tones: "That is Caslon, Daddy." I asked who Caslon might be. "Oh, he's my opposite number, you know." Pressed on this point, Donough replied with some diffidence: "Well, he's the top of the school" (pause) "and I'm—the bottom." Time has passed, and this is my offspring's last term at St. Ronan's. No doubt bearing in mind certain parental strictures on his last term's report, and particularly on the 5 per cent. mark in his mathematics examination, he added to his weekly letter recently: "P.S.—Mr. Clark set me a Common Entrance Arithmetic examination paper. I got 90 per cent.—which surprised us both." Donough (Donatus) means gifted. With tact?



MODERN ENGLISH PAINTERS

THE HON. DAPHNE BARING, by Ambrose McEvoy, is one of the 32 plates in Sir John Rothenstein's first volume of modern English art history, *Sickert to Smith*, which is to be followed by *Lewis to Freud*. No one is better equipped for such a task than the distinguished Director of the Tate Gallery, and this volume is as readable as it is authoritative. It contains much interesting biographical, as well as technical, detail about the seventeen painters, who have been chosen with great discrimination, as have the examples of their work.

Virginia Estcourt giving her young half-brother, Adam Barford, a glimpse of the party. Her dress was orchid-coloured lace, with amethyst sash and gloves. On the left is Miss Mary Anne Berry, dancing with Mr. Henry Rice ; on the right, Miss Sally Gilmour.

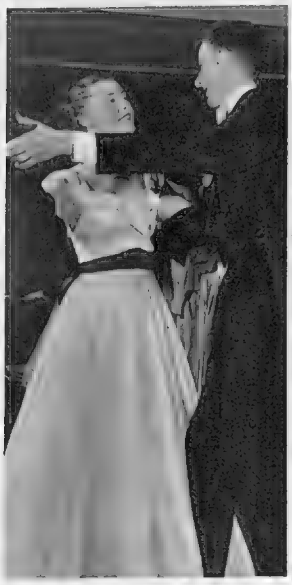
Lady Arabella Stuart and Mr. Bruce Whinery being received by Mr. and Mrs. Edward Barford and Miss Estcourt.

THE PRIORY AN

The most spectacular dance of the season so far was given at Rowney Priory on June 21 by Mr. and Mrs. Edward Barford for her daughter, Miss Virginia Estcourt, one of the prettiest of this year's débutantes. Her eighteenth birthday was on the Tuesday before the dance, and her birthday cake was a model of the gay Taverna in the garden, which was got up as a festive corner of sunny Italy. Lavish floodlighting helped the illusion, and there was a real hokey-pokey man

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by George Konig

One of the long succession of jolly moments at the Taverna, with its lavishly laid-on southern atmosphere. Roguish Neapolitan types leer from the frescoed background and gallant ladies dressed as gypsies ply the guests with chianti. In the foreground, *on the left*, is Lady Carey Coke, and just visible Mr. Dominic Elliot ; having her glass filled (*centre*), Miss Teresa Chancellor ; Mr. Henry Rice (*right*).



Miss Jillian Summers dancing with Count John Dembinski.

Miss Sally Collier and Mr. Robert Wallace-Turner.

Lord Emlyn and Miss Colett Clark try the Charleston.

Miss Antonia Aked and Mr. John Hopper.

Miss Rosemary Cameron and Mr. McNeill Moss.

-THE TAVERNA

speeding about the gardens with a barrow of ice-creams for the guests. In a small natural dell, turkeys and chickens were roasted on an open-air barbecue ; from the Taverna, sausage, salami, mortadella, smoked salmon and chianti were served by an impressive Patrone in a striped shirt.

Rowney Priory, which stands on land originally given by William the Conqueror to one of his noblemen, has also been a chantry, a farmhouse and now a country home.

Right: Watching the chef at work on the turkey and chicken spit in the hall are Miss Caroline Sale, Captain Peter Lendrum, Mr. Thomas Crowe and Miss Jennifer Kirwan.

An eightsome reel going on in the entrance hall of the Priory. The portrait is of the hostess, Mrs. Edward Barford. Among people who took parties to the dance were Lady Reynolds, Lady Huggins, Lady Chancellor and Lady Renwick.

A group which includes Lady Sylvia Harris, Mr. D. Dodge, Miss Jane Johnstone, Miss Anne Toler-Aylward, Mr. Tony Dodge, Mr. Peter Eckersley and Miss Belinda Renwick.

Graham Sutherland, silhouetted against the Mediterranean sky, is making plastic forms to improve his painting. Other painters, including Daumier, have found this practice valuable.

The famous portrait of Lord Beaverbrook, loaned by him to the Tate Gallery, and now on view at the Venice Biennale.

Graham Sutherland, having made his reputation with pictures of trees and their fallen trunks, created a sensation with his first two portraits—of Mr. Somerset Maugham and Lord Beaverbrook—both now on show at the Venice Biennale. His next portrait is to be of Queen Elizabeth, the Queen Mother, who has generously agreed to try on several dresses for Mr. Sutherland to make his choice for the sitting.

Another of his projects for the near future is to design the tapestries for Coventry Cathedral; they are to cover the entire apse of the church and will take him a year to complete.

He is photographed here in his studio at Villefranche, his favourite place for working.

Sutherland's portrait of Somerset Maugham, now at Venice with the one of Lord Beaverbrook.

The painter's wife, Kathie Sutherland, at work making her own carpets at the Villefranche studio, where she also does the cooking and prides herself on her French dishes.

TO PAINT A PORTRAI

Graham Sutherland at work on one of his knotted, woody compositions. He says that although these appear to be abstract they are essentially real, but reality seen in a new—his own—way. His early studies of thorn trees are among his most beautiful works.

OF THE QUEEN MOTHER

KATHARINE HEPBURN

As Warren Tute sees her

(*Miss Hepburn made her London stage début in "The Millionairess," at the New Theatre, last Friday, June 27.*)

ONE of the most fascinating qualities in any artist is moral courage, that subtle, intimate strand woven unmistakably through the whole fabric of a personality and its work. Define it how you like, you can always recognise it at once instinctively. And it adds up to one vital word which the twentieth century skirts round if it can—integrity.

Eighteen tempestuous years ago Katharine Hepburn hit the world headlines with a fresh and vibrant force not seen before or since. She was then and still is unique. Uniqueness is not a matter of degree. It is a quality on its own. It can be parodied but never effectively copied. Katharine Hepburn had it in *Morning Glory* all those long years ago. She has it now and at forty-two has become something of a phenomenon.

Integrity and uniqueness are big words to throw at any artist, and particularly one primarily established by her work on the screen. Hollywood, as a matter of technique, grinds down the unusual and demands compromise in the work it pays for, but Hollywood has never got the better of Katie Hepburn.

Those of us who matured in the sulky 'thirties know well the impact with which she arrived. Maybe she was lucky with her timing. A few years earlier or later and her whole career might well have been slanted in different terms. However, it is a peculiar hall-mark of genius to select with diabolical accuracy exactly the right time at which to burst upon the world. And burst upon us she certainly did.

Remember *Morning Glory*? The screen had never before seen such elemental vitality nor such a clear burning of the spirit. Greater and more talented actresses there have certainly been, both before and since, but Miss Hepburn arrived in the early years of the talking picture. She showed us a tremendous press of personality used in an entirely new medium. To this extent she is already a minor historical landmark.

The corncrake voice, the tempered spirit and the lithe, slender body seem only to have deepened in power since 1933. Not least of her achievements is this simple fact of survival. No Ancient Mariner could have weathered more storms than Miss Hepburn. For this, once more, we must examine the roots of her character and see what it is which impelled her to go on when others would long since have given up in despair.

Moral courage and integrity never tot up to an easy, comfortable life. Add to them a genuine loathing of personal publicity in any and every form and you have a first-rate prescription for trouble in the film world. Katharine Hepburn has never cared a rap what other people said about her. She has never minded being wrong. The character of Rosie, therefore, which she created so vividly in *The African Queen*, was tailor-made to her own outlook on life.

But there are ways and ways of not caring a rap. I happen to know that this shunning of publicity is genuine, but I also know that it is not and never has been believed. It sounds too good to be true: it sounds suspiciously like a well-thought-out act—it sounds, let 's face it, like a typically inverted Hollywood stunt.

Yet true it is, and only those with eyes to see can appreciate the paradox of her being high-hat with the public and also at the same time a most sensitive, compassionate and generous person with a remarkable objectivity towards her work. She cares very deeply about her work. She cares not at all that the world thinks her a freak, a fur-coat eccentric with a suite at Claridge's who behaves with needless arrogance to the public upon whom she depends. She goes her own sweet way and to hell with the world.

Naturally there are people who find this exasperating and bogus. "I have no acquaintances at all," she told me, and she has never made the ordinary concessions to the Press expected of a Hollywood star. Nor does she go in for café society in any shape or form. "I don't suppose I 've been in thirty restaurants my whole life." Cocktail parties, too, are a waste of time. She is essentially a lonely person who likes being by herself: she has a few deep friends, and the rest had better stay out. It 's hardly surprising she gets sniped at whenever opportunity offers.

People excuse beauty, but talent never. Her whole life has been spent breasting the tide in one way or another. A lesser person would at least have paid lip service to convention by wooing the public and being nice to the Press. She never has. She doesn't care and she never answers back. She doesn't even read what people write about her: "Why should I fill my mind with all that stuff?" she declares. "I 've got other things to do with my time."

Those of us with less vigour of the soul can only admire her courage in thus defending her privacy. But this only has meaning when there is at the same time a great deal at stake. And she has by no means always come out on top. She knows the trough as well as the crest of the wave. About 1938 she took the greatest dive of all time, slammed by exhibitors as "Box-office poison," with that whiskered gag of Dorothy Parker's about the gamut of the emotions from A to B ringing in her ears, with her 125,000-dollar salary decimated and a brisk farewell lurking in the studio shadows.

But the scorpion in her was aroused. Like all people living out a pattern of intense achievement, she retired unbent and unbeaten, the better to prepare her forces for the next attack. And that next foray took the form of *The Philadelphia Story*, written by Philip Barry and backed by the Theatre Guild of New York—an immediate smash hit on Broadway and a considerable property in which she held the exclusive screen rights.

It was only afterwards, ironically enough, that she realised that all three—the Guild, Barry and herself—were at their nadir just before *The Philadelphia Story*. Now once more she held the reins, but it still took Hollywood nine months to come round to her point of view. She got her way, she got the stars the story needed, and then, with a gesture which speaks for itself, she sold the screen rights to M.-G.-M. for exactly what she had paid for them herself. That film marked the last big turning-point in her life. Since then her position has been virtually unassailed.

The vast difference between Katharine Hepburn the uncertain publicity risk, and the Katie known and loved by the people she works with, comes out in a disarming fashion when you meet her. She is all of a piece, dynamic, loyal, exacting and physically as spare as they 're made. You have to be to get through with a Congo location and the almost daily drenching she had on *The African Queen* and still find it "stimulating."

The girl from Bryn Mawr who wanted to act instead of being a doctor has long since proved herself unafraid of being just a morning glory. The real Hepburn? It 's there in every piece of acting that she ever did, to be seen by many and understood by few, that trace of something elemental, effectively disguised by the only real life an artist ever has—her work.

By "THE SKETCH" special photographer, Harold White, F.I.B.P., F.R.P.S.

A NEW ENVOY AND HIS WIFE

His Excellency M. Nguyen Khac Ve, Minister of Viet Nam, was the first new Minister to present his credentials at Buckingham Palace, accompanied by his wife at the request of the Queen, who has changed the tradition of receiving Minister's wives several days after their husbands. His Excellency, who studied in France, where he obtained his degrees of Doctor of Law and Doctor of Economics and Political Science, was for twenty-five years a magistrate in his own country. Various important appointments followed, and he was Vice-President and Minister of Justice in the Government of President Tran Van Huu when he was appointed, on March 8, as Viet Nam's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to London.

JUNE 11.—MARRIED IN COLOMBO. Received this photograph to-day of Mr. Timothy Secker marrying Miss Jennifer Phillips at Christ Church, Galle Face.

JUNE 11.—IN HOLLAND. Queen Juliana of the Netherlands received Mr. R. G. Menzies, Prime Minister of Australia, at the Soestdijk Palace in Amsterdam. Mr. Menzies is visiting Western European countries.

JUNE 12.—RICHMOND HORSE SHOW. Miss de Beaumont's *Honeysuckle* won the Lady Stern Challenge Cup for small hacks ridden side-saddle; here is Mrs. John Colebrook awarding the cup to the rider, Miss Ann Davy.

Notes and Pictures from Our Social Diary

JUNE 12.—Fathers and uncles gaily helped to partner the many débutantes at the very successful England Ball, organised at Grosvenor House by the Council for the Preservation of Rural England. Having died in the 'twenties, the old Charleston came to surprising life again, but when a square dance was announced, the floor immediately emptied, and a quickstep had to be smartly substituted. Reels and Gay Gordons were popular, and among the 650 people there were Lady Galway, president of the ball, who brought an enormous party, including Miss Patricia Bowes-Lyon, Miss Elizabeth Carew-Pole, Miss Fiona Campbell, Lord Bathurst and Mr. Angus Ogilvy, Lord Airlie's younger son. Lady Milverton, Lord Chorley and Sir Wavell and Lady Wakefield were at the top table; Lady Anne Louise Keppel was in a gay young party.

JUNE 13.—Mrs. Rupert Samuelson gave a very successful dance at the Hyde Park Hotel for her débutante daughter, Miss Philippa Samuelson, who was born in New Mexico, where she and her Shetland pony *Patsy* were the toast of the local cowboys, who called them in their rugged way, "real cute." Her sister Doriel, who came out last year, was at the dance, and among people who brought parties were Lady Lindsay; Pamela, Lady Aylesford; Lady Euston, whose father-in-law, the Duke of Grafton, is Philippa's godfather and a cousin of her father; Lady Listowel; Lady Katherine Seymour, Lady-in-Waiting to Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother; Lady Forrester; Lady Mary Naylor; Mrs. Ivan Hay; Lady St. John of Bletso, and Lady Suffield, whose husband is another cousin of the Samuelsons. The girls of this year and last year danced with splendid vigour through the long and small hours.

JUNE 14.—Lord Faringdon had a big week-end party at Buscot Park, his late Georgian house near Oxford. The new Finnish Minister and Mme. Soravuo were among the guests enjoying the endless beauties of the place, which belongs to the National Trust, Lord Faringdon living there at week-ends as a tenant. Buscot, which is open to the public on Wednesdays and Thursdays and the first Saturday and Sunday in every month, has everything, including lakes, fountains, rows of greenhouses full of things both useful and exotic, from tomatoes to orchids and avocado pears; its own miniature theatre; gardens from kitchen to pleasure; and wonderful furniture and pictures—Rembrandts, Reynoldses, Gainsboroughs; a Sickert portrait of Lord Faringdon on the stairs; countless priceless works of art. White pigeons and white peacocks are among the outdoor decoration; one of the poor pigeons, looking grey and dazed, had been misguidedly down a chimney.

JUNE 13.—PRESENTATION PARTY. Among those presented to the Queen was Miss Margaret Armitage, only daughter of the Vicar of St. Bride's Church, Fleet Street, the Rev. C. M. Armitage.

JUNE 16.—THE DUCHESS AND THE STARS. The Duchess of Kent went to the Café de Paris for the first night of Noël Coward's latest cabaret there. Here she is dancing with Danny Kaye, having earlier congratulated Mr. Coward on his splendid turn. The Duchess of Argyll is on the extreme left.

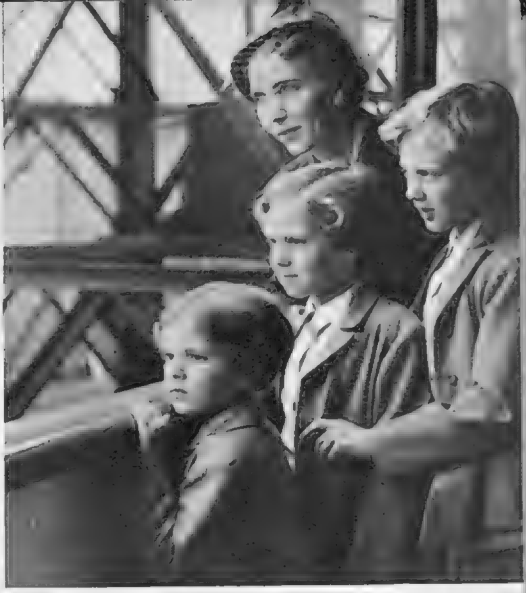
JUNE 16.—One of the biggest dances of the season was given by Mrs. Neilson for her daughter, Miss Sarah Chester-Beatty, whose grandfather, Mr. Chester-Beatty, and maternal grandmother, Lady Oliver, were both there to see the fun. Among people who brought parties were Lord and Lady Mowbray and Stourton, Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke, Mrs. Leslie Aked, who is sharing a house with Mrs. Neilson and is the mother of Miss Antonia Aked; Lord and Lady Tarbat, who brought Miss Julia Blunt-Mackenzie, Mrs. Everard Gates; Mrs. H. J. Buckmaster; Lord and Lady Fermoy and Mrs. Newling, Sarah's aunt. Among the dancing young were Lord John Manners, Lady Caroline Child-Villiers, Lady Carey Coke, Miss Caroline Kirkwood and Miss Virginia Estcourt.

JUNE 23.—The dance given by Lady St. John of Bletso at Londonderry House for the Misses Daphne and Suzanne Beazley was very large and successful and quite unlike the usual débutante dances, though most of the girls in the running were there. The hostess had an enormous dinner-party beforehand, her guests including Lady Elizabeth Lindesay-Bethune, Lord Hereford, Miss Sally Ann Vivian, Lady Jane Waldegrave, Lord Pollington, Lady Sylvia Harris and Lord Abinger. Interesting people, many diplomats among them, brought parties, including the Spanish Ambassador and the Duchess of Primo de Rivera; the Chilean Ambassador and Mme. Bianchi; many other Ambassadors, Ministers and their wives; also, among mothers with débutante daughters, Lady Dufferin and Ava, Lady Mary Stuart-Walker, Mrs. Walter Sale, Lady Listowel and Mrs. Robert O'Brien.

JUNE 24.—The wedding of Mr. Fulke Walwyn and Miss Catherine de Trafford (photograph below) was one of the jolliest of the year, everyone knowing everyone; and also one of the smartest, as most of the guests were wearing their Ascot clothes. The bride's father, Sir Humphrey de Trafford, received the guests after giving away his daughter, who wore a white organza dress and carried lilies of the valley. Her two sisters, Mrs. Parker Bowles and Mrs. Max Aitken, were dressed respectively in grey and yellowy hazel; Lady Derby, who came with her husband, was another in the prevailing grey; one of the smartest and best-looking women was Mrs. Gerald Legge; one of the prettiest débutantes Lady Caroline Child-Villiers, in pink and white striped organdie. She came with her mother, Mrs. Robin Wilson, and there were lots more gay racing people there.

JUNE 26.—The Duchess of Gloucester opened the Alice Waddilove Club, a residential club for elderly gentlewomen, at Clapham this afternoon, and many of the people connected with this excellent cause were presented to her Royal Highness. Mrs. Reynolds Veitch presented Vice-Presidents of the Women's Adjustment Board, including Mrs. Norman Crowther, Chairman of the Special Appeal, Mrs. Warren Pearl and Mrs. Walter Hutchinson; Lady Bird, Deputy Chairman of the Special Appeal, presented Governors who have given special donations to the Club; ladies resident at the Club, members of the Women's Adjustment Board and the Wayfarers' Trust, of which Princess Marie Louise is President; and the House Committee were also presented. After the opening ceremony, Lady Waddilove, President of the Special Appeal, made a speech of thanks to the Duchess. Later there was tea.

JUNE 19.—NEARLY DAWN. The Guards' Boat Club Ball started on June 18, but it was well into June 19 when Lady Deirdre Hare left.



JUNE 20.—HERE FOR A FORTNIGHT. Queen Ingrid of Denmark with the Princesses Margrethe, Benedikte and Anne. They were planning a two-weeks stay in London, and soon visited the Battersea Fun Fair.

JUNE 21.—ROYAL COUNTIES SHOW AT GUILDFORD. The Duke of Sutherland with Mrs. Anthony Norman, her husband behind her.

JUNE 23.—THE TEST MATCH. The Queen shaking hands with Vinoo Mankad, of the Indian team, on the fourth day of the second England v. India Test Match at Lord's, which England won by eight wickets.

JUNE 24.—TWO WEDDINGS. *Left:* Dame Felicity Hanbury, former Director of the W.A.A.F., then the W.R.A.F., after her marriage to Mr. Harold Peake at Crown Church, Covent Garden. *Right:* Mr. Fulke Walwyn and Miss Catherine de Trafford after their wedding at the Church of Our Lady of the Assumption, Warwick Street Mr. Walwyn, well-known trainer, won the National on Reynoldstown in 1936.

JUNE 25.—EMBASSY GUEST. Mrs. Ben at the Thailand National Day celebrations at the Thailand Embassy, 23, Ashburn Place.

FIRST DAY.—THE ROYAL PROCESSION. The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh arriving in good time for the first race.

FIRST DAY.—AMONG THE HUNDREDS OF RACEGOERS. *Left:* the Queen's trainer, Captain Cecil Boyd-Rochfort, with Mrs. Boyd-Rochfort. *Right:* Prince and Princess Georg of Denmark.

SECOND DAY.—TO SEE THE HUNT CUP. *Left:* Mrs. Naylor-Leyland, the former Miss Elizabeth Fitzalan-Howard, who was married this year. *Right:* Mr. Atty Persse, the famous trainer of the Hunt Cup winner. Mr. Persse is just eighty-three.

Notes and Pictures from

Our Ascot Diary

JUNE 17—20

FIRST DAY.—The Royal Procession rolled up as splendidly as ever, the horses as proud as any of the Ascot runners. The Queen, in mauve, with a big brim round the front and sides of her hat, was soon in the paddock to watch the saddling of her horse *Choir Boy* for the first race; among those with her were the Duke of Edinburgh, Princess Margaret, with gleams of pale pink among the grey shadows of her dress and feather cap; the Princess Royal, in the restful grey of typical English weather; and Captain Cecil Boyd-Rochfort, the Queen's trainer, who has just been invested with the C.V.O.

Others in the Royal party were the Duchess of Kent, in black and white; the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort, Lady Hambleden and Lady Palmer (Ladies-in-Waiting); Miss Iris Peake, Lady-in-Waiting to Princess Margaret; Lord and Lady Linlithgow, Lord and Lady Westmorland, Brigadier-General Lord Gowrie and Lady Mary Baillie-Hamilton.

Loyal backers of *Choir Boy* were foiled by *Southborne*, "the fastest miler in Ireland," a smashing grey in a French noseband, ridden by Gordon Richards.

Marking the paddock like a monolith in his grey morning coat and speckly bow tie was the Duke of Marlborough; almost as tall was his daughter, Lady Rosemary Spencer-Churchill, in black with a little red hat. The Duke of Norfolk was there with the Duchess, who wore chiefly black, with a bit of pink; Princess Margaret visited the paddock with Lord Plunket and Miss Laura Smith, the former in attendance on the Royal party, the latter a guest. Lord and Lady Fingall were over from Ireland; one of famous Irish brothers was Mr. Frank More O'Ferrall; Lady Jean Christie, trainer's wife and Lord Zetland's daughter, was intent on the horses; Major John Morrison was up from the South and West Wilts country, where he is M.F.H.; a member of his hunt, wearing a little feather hat, was Mrs. Rupert Incledon-Webber. Also from the West were Mrs. Dennis Stucley, who is giving a dance for her daughter, and Mrs. Robin Cayzer, with her husband. Talking to the Norfolks was Lord Irwin; among the débutantes were Lady Deirdre Hare, in pale pink with a little strip of grey hat; Miss Maria Bernard in a black suit and red-trimmed boater; red-haired Miss Marilyn Reynolds; Miss Mary Anne Berry and Miss Gillian Swire, with her mother. Lady Lambton was in a navy-blue dress and small red hat; Mrs. Edward Lambton wore a fascinating hat like a twist of unwound rope, caught up with jewels here and there and hanging down in an end at the back.

Smartest of all was Gordon Richards in white with a tartan cross, back and front, when he rode for Mr. J. A. Dewar.

SECOND DAY.—Despite the high wind, the magic words "Hunt Cup Day" produced a mass of hats like kites and dresses like sails; their wearers, though impeded by spike-heeled sandals, were forced to tack about the sloping lawns like harried little yachts. The Queen and Princess Margaret were sensibly and smartly dressed; the Princess Royal was with them again; also the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester and a large party.

Prince Aly Khan, in his splendid satin cravat, M. and Mme. Marcel Boussac—she in black, with really comfortable shoes and a small white hat—and Sir Malcolm and Lady McAlpine were all in the saddling enclosure to see their fillies before the Coronation Stakes, won easily by *Zabara*, although she looked pretty tired at the end. Lady Willoughby de Broke, whose hair is now snugly shingled, and Mr. Jeremy Tree, were among others there at the same time.

Lady Bridget Clark, all in black, was walking round with Lord Wilton and Mr. Tom Egerton; Lady Marye Pepys, in greenish blue, was with Lady Margaret Mydelton; Mrs. Archibald Black, in a bronze-coloured suit, wore a leafy little flower hat; a few of the débutantes were the Misses Catherine Spencer, Jillian Summers, Sarah Deverell, Barbara Houison Craufurd and Patricia Cottingham; the last, who was with her mother, Mrs. Thomas Lilley, wore a little white hat like a topknot. One of the prettiest girls, Miss Davina Merry, in a dark-grey silk suit, came with her parents, Colonel and Mrs. Eion Merry, of Lucknam Park. Lady Birkin, over from Ireland, was another in a comfortable small hat; Lady Jocelyn wore a dress with small glass buttons all down the front. Others found in the scrum of actresses, trippers and punters were Lord Glanusk, Lord Grenfell, Lady Winnington, Lady Digby, Lady Mancroft, Lady Hélène Berry, with a tail of black velvet ribbon on her little pink hat; her daughter, Miss Mary Anne Berry, in a white hat with a serpentine brim and green veil; Lord Stavordale, an impressive English figure; Miss Mary Mount, Miss Mary Louise Hennessy and what seemed like about a million others, getting through a hard day with colours bravely flying in the wind.

THIRD DAY.—To see the Queen, or to be seen, were apparently the motives of 75 per cent. of the huge crowd on Gold Cup day. The fancy-dress parade by the unknown was at its most fantastic; there were hats like Edwardian petticoats—one in three tiers of embroidered frills; another, looking too wide to fit through a doorway, made of stiffened broderie anglaise to match the dress with it; chalk-white stockings as a final touch almost as novel as someone else's black nylons embroidered with blackbirds carrying garlands in their fragile beaks. Shoulder-wide coolie hats competed with tall twists of fruit and feathers; the burdens of jewels and furs were heavy. All this got some attention from the beer-and-skittles brigade whose main object was Royalty and never mind the horses, although many of the best in the world were there.

Foremost among the real lovers of racing is the Queen, who ran the gauntlet to the parade ring before nearly every race. Inside she paused to shake hands and have a long talk with Atty Persse, the famous trainer, congratulating him on his eighty-third birthday and introducing the Duke of Edinburgh. Princess Margaret, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, the Princess Royal, the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort, and the large Royal houseparty, were there again to see the very interesting and excellent racing, which included the masterly beating of the Gold Cup favourite, M. Boussac's *Talma II.*, by the Maharanee Seeta of Baroda's *Aquino II.*, ridden by Gordon Richards. Lord Milford was there to see his horse *Eastern Emperor* run in the big race (for which there was the smallest field).

Others about were Lady Carey Coke, in a pale lace dress with a black hat; her elder sister, Lady Anne Coke; Lady Caroline Child-Villiers, Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke—she wore a dark-green hat and chocolate-coloured coat—Mr. Tom Blackwell, a racehorse owner, with his wife; the French Ambassador, M. Massigli; Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Loch, Mrs. Alec Waugh, Lady Selsdon, in steel grey; Lord Morris, Sir Denys and Lady Lowson; Miss Gladys Cooper, all in black with a biggish diamond tortoise clinging to her; Lord Oranmore and Browne; Mrs. A. F. Daubeny and her daughter, Miss Biddy Daubeny; and more débutantes, the Misses Tess D'Erlanger, Julia Blunt-Mackenzie, Shelagh O'Brien, Jennifer Kirwan and Bridget Brew, and many more people who went every day.

The glitter of the many Eastern draperies was only outsparkled by Sir Bernard Docker's car, gold plated, with star-spangled sides, "slumming" in the grandest of the car parks.

FOURTH DAY.—Decorum was restored for the last day of the Royal meeting; the lawns swept clear of torn newspapers and tote tickets and only the regular racegoers, reasonably dressed, were there. The Queen and the same big party from Windsor Castle drove grandly up in good time for the first race; among people in the parade ring before the start were Major and Mrs. Macdonald-Buchanan, hovering round their brown colt, *Frequency*. Other owners there were Prince Aly Khan who, with his stepmother, the Begum Aga Khan, supervised the unsaddling of *Masai King* after he had won the Windsor Castle Stakes for the Aga; and the Maharajah of Baroda with his wife the Maharanee Seeta.

One of Princess Margaret's escorts was Mr. Charles Smith-Ryland, the polo player. Test match scores, announced at regular intervals, were of special interest to the Duke of Edinburgh, who is more fond of cricket than of racing.

Mrs. P. W. Townshend wore the gold-and-purple badge of the Royal Household and an orange-coloured coolie hat; Lady Glanusk was topped with red and black ostrich feathers; Lady Stavordale, walking round with her husband, was tall and slim in black; Lady Elizabeth Lumley, Lord Scarbrough's daughter, was intent on the horses; Lady Listowel was talking to Mrs. Drury-Lowe; Lady George Scott, who is the artist, Molly Bishop, and sister-in-law of the Duke of Buccleuch, was there; also Brigadier T. H. Clarke, Lady Muriel Barclay-Harvey, Major and Mrs. Everard Gates, Miss Venetia Heber-Percy, whose mother is to marry Colonel John Chandos-Pole in August; Major Ian Farquhar, of the Grenadier Guards; Mrs. Sofer-Whitburn, Mrs. Peter Dollar, Mrs. Douglas Riley-Smith and Captain and Mrs. George Dennehy.

When M. Marcel Boussac's *Dynamiter*, who looked wonderful in the ring, easily won the Hardwicke Stakes, many people regretted having been made wary of him by rumours that he was coughing. The longest English flat race, the Queen Alexandra Stakes, which *Brown Jack* used to win with such endearing regularity, seemed to be run very slowly, with *Medway* plodding home for Mr. P. Bartholomew.

The start of the last race, the King's Stand Stakes, was endlessly delayed, as the six runners all seemed obdurately opposed to getting into line, and when they at last got off, *Grey Sovereign*, always a tricky starter, was left at the post and finished far down the course.

Looking back at the meeting, two of the most vivid moments were being greeted by Charlie Smirke, the Aga Khan's brilliant jockey, when talking to Mrs. Edward Lambton; and a glimpse of the Press room, where old Etonian sporting journalists in grey toppers and carnations sat at typewriters.

BRIDGET CHETWYND.

THIRD DAY.—GOLD CUP DAY. *Left:* Princess Margaret and the Princess Royal arriving in the Royal Procession. *Right:* Miss Barbara Houison Craufurd, one of this year's débutantes.

THIRD DAY.—THE BEGUM AND THE MAHARANEE. *Left:* the Begum Aga Khan. *Right:* The Maharanee Seeta Devi Gaekwar of Baroda with her horse *Aquino II.*, which won the Gold Cup.

FOURTH DAY.—FEATHERS AND PEARLS. *Left:* Princess Margaret in the little white feather cap with pearls clinging to it which she wore on the last day. *Right:* Princess Elizabeth Marie de Croy.

The Queen arriving at Edinburgh on her first visit since her accession to the throne. She is seen inspecting a Guard of Honour of Cameron Highlanders after getting out of the Royal train.

Time off and flags to hold for a nursery school which lined up when the Queen, with Earl Haig, walked through the Bakehouse Close on the first day of her visit to Edinburgh.

THE QUEEN GOES NORTH

The Queen arrived at the Palace of Holyroodhouse, Edinburgh, on the morning of June 25, and was received by the Lord Provost of Edinburgh. In the morning her Majesty visited the Scottish Craft Centre and the Canongate Kirk, and in the evening gave a dinner party at the Palace. Next morning she visited the Royal College of Nursing, and at noon accepted a presentation Reddendo from the Royal Company of Archers at Holyroodhouse, after which she presented the Queen's Prize to the winner of the archery competition. At 4 p.m., about 150 débutantes attended her Majesty's presentation party. Her other plans included the Thistle Installation service at St. Giles, and a garden party.

Twenty past ten and the Queen is in the forecourt of the Palace of Holyroodhouse taking the salute from the Guard of Honour provided by the 69th H.A.A. Regiment.

The Lord Provost of Edinburgh, Mr. James Miller, surrendering the Keys of the City to her Majesty, who afterwards returned them to his care.

The Queen bought a pair of these toy rabbits on her round of Acheson House, Scottish Craft Centre ; on the left is Miss Ferguson. The Duke of Edinburgh, afflicted with jaundice, remained in London.

At the Canongate Kirk the Queen talked to the Rev. Selby Wright, while the choirboys pursued a stern policy of eyes front. Her six-day visit was filled with a great many engagements.

OUR BOOKSHELF

THE COUNTRY OF WHITE CLOVER. By H. E. Bates. (*Michael Joseph ; 12s. 6d.*)
A BREATHLESS CHILD. By Frances Bellerby. (*Collins ; 10s. 6d.*)
THE SOLE SURVIVOR AND THE KYNSARD AFFAIR. By Roy Vickers. (*Gollancz ; 9s. 6d.*)
LOOKING FOR GEORGIAN ENGLAND. By Raymond Francis. (*Macdonald ; 15s.*)

by RUPERT CROFT-COOKE

THE first half of this year has been a rather uneventful publishing season, but for me it is largely redeemed by the appearance of a new book of essays by Mr. H. E. Bates, *The Country of White Clover.* It is his publishers who use the word "essays," and the term is accurate enough, though it carries too many dusty classroom associations for these fresh and sunlit sketches of country life on both sides of the Channel. The first, "Journey to Spring," tells of the pursuit of a season—not through days of waiting but by motor-car on the roads of France. Southward to find the spring, then northward again to race its advance as it came "rushing up through France in an immense sappy vivid surge of acid and tumbling leafage." The second, which gives its title to the book, is a splendid appreciation of Kent. "Kent is a large county ; its astonishing range of qualities, born out of the happiest union of climate and soil and husbandry and sea, cannot be discovered in a day. It is also, virtually, an island. It is almost a kingdom. Two-thirds of its boundary are formed of water. The long sweep of Thames from London Bridge to the Isle of Sheppey, the flat sands of Pegwell and the Goodwins, the vast, creamy walls of cliff about Folkestone and Dover and the final oddity of Romney's strip of half-land, half-shore : all this has a curiously separating, isolating effect that to me, as a Midland man, has always been ceaselessly exhilarating and refreshing and beautiful and peculiar." Another depicts the new countryman, in this case a jobbing gardener. "He is the new type of countryman, product of war, uneasy peace and welfare Statecraft, mechanised and mean and smart, the up-to-date rural parasite feeding on the fading class to which you yourself still manage to belong. Strange to think that only fifty years ago his father, cap in hand, unblessed with cards of insurance and identify and benefits for this and that, was part of a system which gave us, more especially in this southern county, so much of the beauty of our landscape of woodland and park and great estate : a system of which now only the faded Tchechovian twilight remains." Such snippets of prose, though they give some notion of this writer's skill, can convey little of his love of the countryside which is the dominant impulse in all his writing about it, its people, its growing things, its contours and atmosphere. He writes as one familiar with it who never loses his capacity for astonishment, his gusto, his delight in winter flowers, or spring landscape or summer plenty. He tells stories without stressing the quaint or old-world ; he paints pictures which are never arty or too lush. He is incapable of dullness.

EQUALLY incapable of it, but for very different reasons, is Miss Frances Bellerby, whose new book of short stories, *A Breathless Child,* I found most exhilarating. Here is an author who seems to write from knowledge and understanding pre-ordained, who never strains after an effect, whose sentences fall effortlessly into place, and yet who succeeds in showing her characters, growing and grown, like a gardener exhibiting his flowers without pulling off the petals. What are her stories about ? It will look silly if I write "people," and leave it at that, but people torn by tragedy, uplifted by emotion, people becoming a little hysterical or unnaturally taut in the stress of drama, people who lead normal lives but find themselves in abnormal circumstances, make the theme of nearly all her stories. "The Green Cupboard" records the sort of hallucination for which psychologists find slick and apparently satisfying explanations—an elderly woman supposes a cupboard in her house, which she has seen in its repainted state a thousand times, to have remained green as it was before a tragedy of many years ago. "A Breathless Child," an almost heartrending portrait of a child's governess who is given a moment of exaltation and then returns to her unselfish self. "Three Swimmers," is a beautifully written story of young love being awakened. I like best of all "The Starling," a tragic study of a man who believes himself subject to tuberculosis and tortures himself to death. These sound morbid, perhaps, or pessimistic, but they are informed with warmth and faith and the high colour of courage. I recommend them to those readers, and their numbers are increasing, who find in collections of short stories some of the best contemporary writing. They should not miss this one.

Margery Allingham, whose new novel, *The Tiger in the Smoke* (Chatto and Windus ; 12s. 6d.), has just been published, photographed at her early Georgian house at Tolleshunt D'Arcy, Essex, which was, incidentally, the scene of her wartime documentary, *The Oaken Heart.*

THE new book by Mr. Roy Vickers, *The Sole Survivor and The Kynsard Affair,* consists of two short novels. It is good to find a writer and publisher issuing stories of thirty to forty thousand words, for this is an interesting length, and in the last century, when it was no more than the average of short stories, produced some very good things. The two here might be called "whodunit" and in each case the murderer's identity provides the mystery. But Mr. Vickers writes far too well to be considered as a fabricator of clues and deductions, a contriver of cross-word puzzles. There is horror and despair in his first story, which deals with the survivors of a shipwreck cast up on a desert island. He does not need to remind us that there are desert islands left in the world, and not only atolls used for atomic bombing practice, for like his Mr. Justice Sheilbron, who conducts the enquiry into six deaths and the behaviour of the sole survivor, we accept it at once—even with the wild man who is supposed to have inhabited it. "Not even a Robinson Crusoe but a Ben Gunn slap out of *Treasure Island.*" Most of the story is told by the enigmatic Mr. Clovering after he has been picked up, the only man remaining alive, and brought back to England. *The Kynsard Affair* is a rather horrible story in which clever use is made of the execution of one murderer to cover the traces of another. To put it at its lowest, this is top-flight crime fiction.

THE title chosen by Mr. Raymond Francis for his book is to me an exciting one—*Looking for Georgian England.* It is also accurate and modest, for the author does not claim to do more than introduce us to some of the glories of the greatest age of domestic architecture. He scarcely ever uses technical terms or obscure references and he hopes to help the beginner "to appreciate what he sees, particularly the smaller, less obtrusive kind of Georgian homes which are to be found in practically all our towns and villages." He deliberately passes over the world-famous mansions of his period, Chatsworth, Lyme Park, Kedleston, and so on, and does not dwell on the important Georgian buildings in Oxford and Cambridge. But he shows some of the oddities as well as the graces of the time. His photographs tell the story. They show Nash's wonderful crescent in Regent's Park above a plain street in Ludlow ; and good modern reproductions, like the West Sussex County Council offices at Chichester. From the riches of Brighton he chooses for illustration the quiet Adelaide Crescent and, although there are some great buildings, like the Dome House at Bognor Regis and the Assize Courts at York, there are also countless small anonymous beauties of the period in towns and villages all over the country—in all, over a hundred good photographs. With them goes a spirited commentary, anecdotal, biographical, mildly technical and critical. There is a particularly good chapter on church memorials of the time, called "The Storied Urn," and another on the Georgian Inn, in which there are Dickensian memories. Here he pays tribute, quite justly, to the owners of many historic inns. "By employing skilled architects in the task of modernising old houses without impairing any of their charm, many owners of Georgian coaching inns have not only set an excellent example, but reaped the reward of their enlightened handling of what, in some cases, has proved a difficult problem. Our historic inns are part of our national heritage. Nothing quite like them exists anywhere else in Europe, and their attraction for tourists, both native and foreign, increases year by year." This is a much-needed book.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

PLAYS OF THE YEAR. No. 5.
Chosen by J. C. Trewin. (*Elek Books ; 18s.*)

A selection of the best plays of 1950–51 chosen and prefaced by *The Sketch's* own theatre critic.

ALL THE BEST IN FRANCE.
By Sydney Clark. (*Phœnix House ; 15s.*)

Written by a professional traveller with the idea of saving tourists time, money and trouble. Certainly a practical approach.

MAJORITY.
An Anthology. (*Hamish Hamilton ; 25s.*)

A volume, to mark the first twenty-one years of publishing by Hamish Hamilton and comprising a varied selection from the authors who publish under his imprint.

HISTORY OF THE WORLD'S ART.
By Herman Leicht. (*George Allen and Unwin ; 35s.*)

A general survey, translated from the German original, which traces the evolution of artistic expression from cave-paintings and bone carvings to the architecture, painting and sculpture of the present day.

A TIME TO KILL.
By Geoffrey Household. (*Michael Joseph ; 9s. 6d.*)

Further adventures in the not-so-quiet Dorset life of ex-infantry officer Roger Taine, who this time gets mixed up with Communists, kidnapping and killing.

JOANNA LINDEN.
By Diana Raymond. (*Cassell ; 12s. 6d.*)

A moving story of the daughter of a war widow, her childhood and young love and the unforeseen happiness she finds—if only for a little while.

BEAUTY ON CANVAS

Among popular portrait painters, Mr. Cowan Dobson is well known for getting beautiful women at their best and important men at their most impressive. Plenty of both are to be seen in his exhibition at the Cooling Galleries, which opened two days ago (June 30) and remains on view until Friday, July 18. Among his male subjects on exhibition are the Marquis of Carisbrooke, Earl Beatty and Lord Mackintosh.

Right: MRS. COWAN DOBSON IN 1870 COSTUME. The artist's sumptuous portraits of his beautiful wife are frequent events and always very successful because she is an ideal subject.

MRS. RICHARD PILKINGTON. This lovely lady, fair in every sense, sits poised in her tulle at an eternal moment of anticipation. Her husband is M.P. for Poole.

LADY BLACK. Lady Black is the wife of Sir John Black, managing director of the Standard Motor Co. Ltd., and has three sons. They have a lovely house in Sussex.

WIMBLEDON IS

The annual garden party at Hurlin social event of the year, and on th championships, there were lots of roundings of the Hurlingham Club, exhibition matches, which were un to five. Tea, ices and sociability party without a little rain here

Handsome Hurlingham trees in the background, A. C. Van Swol writes his autograph for an admirer, a young man looking on between him and Mrs. Van Swol.

Mr. and Mrs. Tony Mottram at this smart tennis garden party which was later marred by rain.

Miss Pat Ward, the English player, and J. Drobny of Egypt, before playing an exhibition game.

The brilliant exhibition matches attracted larg stars now performing during th

Last year's American champion, Dick Savitt, with Mr. J. W. Clothier, American champion of 1906, and Mrs. Clothier.

There are many amenities at Hurlingham, including a beautifully kept putting course. Here H. Flam holds the flag for a colleague during a quiet moment at the party.

L. to r., Mrs. H. Miss Doris Hart where pl

AUNCHED AGAIN

to meet overseas stars is the tennis
unday before the opening day of the
t people enjoying the beautiful sur-
g the stars and watching the first-class
ly stopped by rain at about a quarter
nued, however, for an English garden
there would be scarcely seemly.

iences and gave an indication of the form of the
nous annual Wimbledon fortnight.

Small white hats for the women was almost a uniform in the large crowd. One of the best of the matches was Len Hoad and Ken Rosewall v. Paish and Mottram.

rb, Mrs. Redick Smith and
eir way to the tea tent
nd guests mingled.

Some of the Wimbledon highlights who played in the exhibition matches at the Hurlingham party. *L. to r.*, Miss Louise Brough (U.S.), Miss Doris Hart (U.S.), Mrs. J. Walker Smith (G.B.), Miss Shirley Fry (U.S.), Miss P. Ward (G.B.) and Mrs. Pat Todd (U.S.).

AT THE THEATRE . . . . with J. C. TREWIN

★ First Choice ★

DIAL "M" FOR MURDER

(Westminster)

I SHOULD like very much to know more about the establishment in which Tony Wendice and Captain Lesgate (not the charming fellow's real name) were educated. As they sat together in Tony's Maida Vale flat, fifteen years after leaving school, I half-expected them to break into the school song (or yell) of Narkover-with-Dotheboys. It must have been an uncommonly good place. We find that one Old Boy, anxious for the murder of his wife, can get another Old Boy to take on the job at once, with only a little polite quibbling.

But is the wife murdered? This, I must protest at once, is the kind of notice in which I dislike having to give a plain answer to a plain question. After all, the sole object of the exercise is to keep everyone guessing. In the circumstances, I can only skim gently round the point, after assuring you that this is probably the best puzzle-play for twenty years. Certainly I cannot remember one, off-hand, that has held me to the last speech without raising a bristle of queries. There is, perhaps, one query: it is a shade complex, dealing, as it does, with the amount and quality of domestic service available in a block of flats, with the thickness of stair-carpets, and with the sense of touch. But let that be.

There are only five people in Frederick Knott's cast. Usually I dislike small-cast plays, which can become feats of theatrical exhibitionism; but Mr. Knott manipulates his five so cunningly that I should have regarded the arrival of a sixth personage as an intrusion. Further, I respected his craftsmanship all the more after having witnessed, on the previous night, a thoroughly botched effort by a dramatist with twenty-nine characters at his disposal.

At the Westminster, Emrys Jones, as the would-be murderer, carries the burden finely. He has a slippery charm, a kind of contact-man gloss that is just too shiny to be genuine. He is a little too frank, too straight-eyed, indeed a frightening young man: the actor suggests this with uncommon subtlety. The one thing that puzzles me is why anybody in his senses should have wanted to murder Jane Baxter. The dramatist offers various reasons, and Mr. Jones does as much as anyone could to make them seem plausible. But Jane Baxter . . . ? Never mind: it is all in the game, and Miss Baxter does her share in it with her accustomed endearing good sense. Olaf Pooley knows about Old Boys ready to take on a few minutes' strangling, and Alan MacNaughtan knows about writers who invent that type of story twice a week.

This leaves us with Andrew Cruickshank as Chief Inspector Hubbard (whose cupboard is far from bare). The Chief Inspector studies the occurrence in the Wendices' flat, and he continues to study it when one would have thought that his patience was exhausted. But nothing could exhaust the patience of this wholly monumental fellow. He is the professional, heedless of the intermittent flashing of any inspired amateur. When he walked massively down-stage towards the end of the evening, I all but gave myself up. On his appearance alone, Scotland Yard might secure Mr. Cruickshank's services after the run is over—though that, I agree, will not be for many months.

And now, " from this time forth I never will speak word "—at least, about the affair in the Wendices' flat which it will be your business and pleasure to investigate. John Fernald has produced with craft; and if Paul Mayo's setting represents the general run of flats in Maida Vale, I would leave for that district to-morrow—were it not for its hovering Chief Inspector.

★ Also Chosen ★

MACBETH

(Stratford-upon-Avon)

"*LET not light see my black and deep desires,*" says Macbeth early in the play. At Stratford now, all is black except for the flaring torches and for costumes that glimmer against the dark. John Gielgud (aided by Michael Northern and Kenneth Rowell) has set the play in sombre, compelling majesty. But where, alas, is Macbeth, the soldier and the haunted poet, the murderer prompted by both his own ambition and supernatural soliciting? It is no joy to report a failure. Sir Ralph Richardson has acted magnificently in his day, and will do so again; but Macbeth is not his part, and I am afraid it never will be.

On the first night he seemed to be sleep-walking from the start—a family habit among the Macbeths. There was no thought of screwing his courage to the sticking-place: no development. Until nearly the end of the evening he was much as he had been on the Blasted Heath. He wore the same look of surprise. He spoke in the same light, anxious voice that drained the meaning from his speeches and left us at times with what I can call only a grey paste. Very suddenly, at the end, he grew into Macbeth. At Dunsinane he was the man himself. In the scenes with the Doctor, Seyton, and the Messenger, a new Macbeth was before us, though the effect was deadened in a surprisingly feeble last fight with Macduff, something that Patrick Crean, who is an expert in these matters, might surely have arranged more persuasively.

The difficulties of Macbeth have become a legend. Only two actors, of very many, have filled out the part for me, but few have been less memorable than Richardson. It is, of course, merely an example of a fine actor temperamentally at odds with a part, and with speeches that should stream like Macbeth's banners on the outward walls. I shall look forward to hearing and seeing Sir Ralph again at his zenith.

Other Stratford work is reasonably good without unfolding the full sable splendour. Margaret Leighton's Lady Macbeth, in early thrust and last collapse, is strong and imaginative; and we are grateful to Jack Gwillim (Macduff), Laurence Harvey (Malcolm) and Raymond Westwell (Banquo). Mr. Westwell and Mr. Gielgud between them bring off Banquo's Ghost, most perilous of apparitions. There are certain awkwardnesses—what is Inverness doing with that Cockney porter?—but the Stratford cast is spirited, and the Witches are manœuvred tactfully: none of the screeching and cackling that can turn cauldron-work into anguish for the hearer. Mr. Gielgud secures one or two exciting effects: nothing is better than his suggestion of the advance of Birnam Wood.

I can assure my colleague, Mr. Toby O'Brien (who was wondering about it in his last Motley Notes), that both Miss Leighton and Mr. Harvey get across those tricky colloquialisms, Lady Macbeth's " What, in our house! " and Malcolm's " O, by whom? " And Sir Ralph Richardson disposes suitably of " Take thy face hence " in a hissing undertone. Shakespeare is full of these agreeable traps. My favourite is in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act IV., Scene 7, when Scarus, entering wounded, observes: " I have yet room for six scotches more."

THE GAY DOG

(Piccadilly)

WE are somewhere in the North Country, place unspecified. Wilfred Pickles is a miner who keeps a greyhound called *Raving Beauty*, and who has his eye on the bookmakers. His daughter is engaged to the Vicar's son. The Vicar also keeps (as a pet) a greyhound, called *Pride of Erin*. It appears to be a lively parish; there is a good deal of amiable comedy and amiable sentiment, and Wilfred Pickles presides over all, jaunty, good-tempered, on top of the world. Beyond that we have little more to say of Joseph Colton's piece. It is an odd play to find in the West End, but Mr. Pickles's name should carry it, and there are shrewd performances by such people as Megs Jenkins, the ever-reliable Douglas Ives, and David King-Wood.

TWELFTH NIGHT

(O.U.D.S., Oxford)

IN the past, the Oxford University Dramatic Society has given some major actors to the stage. I do not know if any of the present cast contemplate the theatre as a profession; there should certainly be room for David Henschel, who has succeeded as both the Player King in *Hamlet*, and now as Feste in *Twelfth Night*. There is nothing here of the capering clown, and no unwise search for novelty. Mr. Henschel, bitter-sweet, May-and-October, is always in tune with the part.

It was an inventive open-air production (under Alistair McIntosh), with the comedians—especially a Malvolio (John Wood) who seemed to move on stilts—happier than the Illyrian romantics. The Viola had little sense of poetry, and the Orsino less; but there was an Olivia (Margaret Butt) of a very real, grave charm.

Present and Future

HIGH news from the Lyric, Hammersmith. John Gielgud is to go there for a winter season. Three plays will run for approximately six weeks each: *Richard the Second* (with Paul Scofield), which Gielgud will direct at Christmas; Congreve's *The Way of the World*, in which he will appear as Mirabell, with Pamela Brown as Millamant and Scofield as Witwoud; and Thomas Otway's *Venice Preserved*, with Gielgud as Jaffier and Scofield as Pierre.

ROMEO RETURNS

The Old Vic has not done *Romeo and Juliet* for some time. I am glad to hear that the play will be revived in the Assembly Hall during the third week of the Edinburgh Festival, with Claire Bloom as Juliet, Alan Badel as Romeo, and Athene Seyler as the Nurse. It will come later to Waterloo Road.

GETTING AROUND

To-night (Wednesday) the Royal Court, in Sloane Square, reopens with a play about Ruskin, *The Bride of Denmark Hill*, by two Americans, Lawrence Williams and Nell O'Day. . . . *The Innocents*, with Flora Robson, comes to Her Majesty's to-morrow (July 3). . . . The first night of *The Globe Revue* at, not surprisingly, the Globe Theatre, is on July 10. . . . Derek Birch and Avice Landone appear to-night (Wednesday) in Arthur Murphy's comedy of 1761, *The Way To Keep Him* (Arts).

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO . . .

MRS. KEENE-MILLER : For stepping off the front page of *The Sketch* into a Fancy Dress Ball.

At a recent Fancy Dress Charity Ball at West Park Pavilion, Jersey, Mrs. Keene-Miller went dressed as *Miss Sketch*. Her costume, faultless in every detail, was copied from our cover picture. Presumably she disposed of the tray for the dancing !

WING COMMANDER J. P. M. WOOLLEY : For producing a device which takes the kinks out of arrows.

There was no "crooked shooting" at the first annual championship meeting of the Hampshire Archery Association ! Wing Commander Woolley made certain of that with a new arrow-testing machine which not only locates slight bends in arrows but also straightens the shafts so that they are dead true.

JIM PETERS : For putting up a new world Marathon record.

At the Kinnaird Trophy meeting in the Polytechnic Stadium, J. K. Peters, the A.A.A. champion, won the Polytechnic Harriers 26 miles 385 yards Marathon from Windsor to Chiswick in 2 hours 20 mins. 42 secs., beating his own previous world record by 5 mins. 25 secs. S. E. W. Cox, second, and G. L. Iden, third, both beat the earlier record.

TOM HALIBURTON : For the lowest-ever round in tournament golf—in 61.

In the first round of the £1350 Spalding Professional Golf Tournament at Worthing, Tom Haliburton, of the Wentworth Club, went round the 6376-yards course in 61. This was the lowest-ever in British tournament golf.

AN AMERICAN "WAG" : For devising an advertisement for would-be American Presidents.

Lined up behind this notice board at a party given by a television personality are three potential Presidential candidates (including Senator Taft, *left*). 1600, Pennsylvania Av. is the White House.

JOHN NASH, R.A. : For catching his subject in the flesh.

Large trout are rather uncommon in the lakes and streams of the Cotswolds, but John Nash, the well-known artist, exchanged brush and canvas for rod and line to such effect that he landed a 4½-pounder near Stow-on-the-Wold.

TALKING OF TELEVISION

by Cyril Butcher

Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish or a sparrow fall,
Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world.

IT is well over 200 years since Alexander Pope wrote his *Essay On Man*, yet these lines have a grim echo in the world of to-day. If one could, by the mere turning of a knob, see events happening in all parts of the world, one might find that Pope's examples were tame by comparison.

On the other hand, might not many of the appalling things that torture our globe be prevented, or at least stopped, if their full horrors were thoroughly brought home to the great mass of the world's peoples? Is not seeing, believing? Could places like Dachau and Buchenwald have continued to operate if the German man-in-the-street had been able to see—and hear—what went on behind their secret, tortured walls? If not only ourselves, but the Russians and Chinese could actually witness the agonies of the Korean War, would not something really be done to stop it? Once the conscience is shocked, something happens and wrongs are put right. The world badly needs a magic eye to *see* its own follies.

It is gradually getting it—television, of course.

We sincerely believe that when universal peace is eventually reached, television will have played the most important part in achieving it. It will do more than a thousand conferences and any amount of U.N.O.'s. It will enable us to "*see* for ourselves," to "*see* how the other half lives," and to "*see* the other man's point of view." And once the world has reached the spring of mutual understanding, the summer of peace will not be far behind.

That is why it would be difficult to overestimate the importance of the series of programmes—seventeen of them, televised direct from Paris—which are due to be seen simultaneously in this country and France, from next Tuesday, July 8, to July 14. It may be only a small beginning, but television is on the way to throwing off the shackles of insularity. And who knows where this experiment may eventually lead? Maybe to New York, Moscow, Delhi, Buenos Aires and Sydney. Why not?

Wisely, the subject of these programmes will be "Paris, and the People of Paris, at Work and at Play." It is inevitable that, by the *Quatorze Juillet*, the British viewer will feel more sympathetic towards his nearest neighbour; and when, on that night, the cameras roam the streets, he too may capture some of the excitement with which the Frenchman celebrates the great national anniversary. The first small link of international understanding, *via* television, will have been forged.

Perhaps our producers will also learn a lesson or two from the French. Certainly the foretaste of these Parisian programmes, *At the Moulin Rouge with Toulouse-Lautrec*, was a brilliant proof that variety can be presented with intelligence. For those who care about that sort of thing, there was constant pleasure in the reproduction of the notorious Moulin Rouge, the occasional cross-references to Toulouse-Lautrec's pictures of the place, and in the sight of the little man roaming around, sketching, always sketching. For those who don't care for that sort of thing there was a string of fine variety turns—introduced by Leonard Sachs—to keep them amused and happy.

The remainder of the period under review was made a vintage one by three superb performances by three great actresses, Yvonne Arnaud, Margaret Lockwood and Marie Ney.

Miss Arnaud led off with a neat, compact lesson in how to play comedy. Her timing, the pointing of her lines, the volume of meaning she conveyed in an inflexion or a single gesture—all these were a continual delight. It is a pity, however, that all this art was wasted on one of the silliest plays ever to hit the television screen. It was *Madame Pepita*, by Gregorio Martinez Sierra, translated from the Spanish by John Garrett Underhill, and one can only assume that its foreign origin blinded the Drama Department to its laboured plot and clumsy—almost amateurish—construction. Miss Arnaud was supported by Alan Webb and Charles Heslop. The former seemed unhappy in his part, and consequently underplayed, while the latter over-played, as if he were acting in a revue sketch. This unhappy offering was capably produced by Stephen Harrison.

Miss Lockwood then sprang an exciting surprise in Ronald Gow's dramatisation of the H. G. Wells novel, *Ann Veronica*. The title-rôle, of a young woman, of the early part of this century who fights for her physical and spiritual emancipation, is an arduous one. It is an extremely long part and needs an actress who is capable of sustaining and steadily developing a character. It has many pitfalls for a film-star, used to short sequences of action, with the director constantly at her elbow. But Miss Lockwood braved the perils, succeeded brilliantly, and proved that she is, indeed, one of the great actresses of our time. It was exciting, too, that she did not run away with the play, for there were two other equally fine performances: those of Robert Eddison, as the hopeless lover, and Robert Harris as the severe professor of biology. Campbell Logan, we trust, was duly proud of his production.

Finally, Marie Ney showed that the taut-lipped, staccato type of acting can be as effective as any other, in the hands of a grand artist. *Nine Till Six*, Aimée and Philip Stuart's play about the back-room girls of a fashionable London dress-making concern, abounds with well-drawn and interesting characters. The style with which these were played once again proved what a bewildering array of talent there is available in this country. We would specially like to mention Kathleen Michael, June Rodney and Ann Summers. These may not have been in the same street as Miss Ney, but that's not an easy place to be. Just to make it difficult for a critic, the production was by Ian Atkins and the direction by Tatiana Lieven. Let them sort out the credit for themselves; the result was grand.

The new Saturday night serial, C. A. Lejeune's dramatisation of *The Three Hostages*, got off to a good start, with Patrick Barr being madly heroic and John Byron suitably villainous. But, in all fairness, we must record that we found the attempt to bring the story up to date—especially in the matter of dialogue—only partially successful.

MR. C. O. STANLEY, Chairman of Pye Radio, Cambridge.

SIR A. KORDA, Chairman of London Film Productions.

MR. NORMAN COLLINS, Chairman of High Definition Films.

SIR ALEXANDER AIKMAN, Chairman of E.M.I., Hayes, Middlesex.

SIR ROBERT RENWICK, of W. Greenwell and Co.

LORD DUNCANNON, of Benson, Lonsdale and Co.

These six public men are prospective members of a new company being formed with the object of establishing sponsored T.V. and consequent "technical and programme development of T.V. and Sound Radio."

WATCHING BRIEF

Highlights of the Next Fortnight

THE fortnight is somewhat naturally overlaid by the emanations from Paris, which are roughly concentrated under the following headings: *Paris of the Arts, Paris as a Centre of Elegance, Paris at Play, Paris as a Centre of Gaiety and Paris of Quatorze Julliet.* Admittedly these titles are about as imaginative as an announcement of a course of academic lectures, but we hope great things from the programmes themselves.

Music lovers will have rather a good time of it, chiefly on July 3, when Eileen Joyce, with the Philharmonia Orchestra, conducted by Norman Del Mar, will be playing Tchaikovsky's Piano Concerto No. 1, in B Flat Minor. The following night we are to hear a rather more specialised concert from the Livery Hall of the Worshipful Company of Goldsmiths. The artists will be the Dutch String Quartet, Denis Brain (horn), Gerald Moore (piano) and Max Gilbert (viola). The items to be played come from Haydn, Brahms, Dukas, Tchaikovsky and Mozart—in that order.

Sorry, no space for any more, but it looks like being a good fortnight.

Above: Elegant "period" onlookers enhance the effect of an energetic performance of an old country dance at the Waterloo Ball in Edinburgh Assembly Rooms.

Right: Miss Anne Barber curtsys to her father, Lieut.-General C. M. Barber, and the Countess of Erroll, who jointly received the guests.

Edinburgh goes back to Waterloo

The Duchess of Richmond's Waterloo Ball at Brussels in 1815 is almost as famous as the battle which followed it: "everyone" in fact and fiction was there, from Byron to Becky Sharpe. On June 18, in the Assembly Rooms at Edinburgh, there was the first Waterloo Ball ever to take place in Scotland, with authentic 1815 clothes and procedure and many direct descendants of the guests at the brilliant original. Not everyone dressed up, nor could everyone claim descent from the late Duchess of Richmond's vanished guests, but a good deal of effective illusion was got across, culminating in the Waterloo Episode at midnight, produced by Colonel George Malcolm of Poltalloch, representing Sir Pulteney Malcolm, who guarded Napoleon at St. Helena. Other

(*Continued overleaf.*)

L. to r., Lieut.-General C. M. Barber, Mrs. C. Hamilton, aged ninety-eight, whose father-in-law fought at Waterloo ; Mr. James Miller, the Lord Provost of Edinburgh ; Mrs. Miller, Lady Provost ; and the Hon. Mrs. Henry Douglas-Home.

Edinburgh goes bac

interesting details were the Duke of Wellington's regimental silver centre-pieces on the supper tables, including the famous statuette of Wellington on his horse *Copenhagen* ; and the souvenir programmes in which were printed the names of the regiments from the old Roll-call at Waterloo.

With the ghostly-looking statuette of the Iron Duke on *Copenhagen* are Miss Norma Macgregor and Captain A. G. Findlay.

Side-whiskers were effectively worn. *L. to r.*, Mr. Robert Christie Stewart, Miss Rosemarie Colville, Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. Fitzroy Somerset, Miss Ann Moseley and the Master of Belhaven.

Lady Irene Astor being toasted in the supper room by Earl Haig, Captain Farquarson of Invercauld and the Marquis of Lansdowne. The silver candelabra was lent by the Duke of Wellington's Regiment.

L. to r., the Earl of Balfour, with points to his collar just like George the Fourth used to wear when he was the dashing Prince Regent ; Mrs. Castle, Mr. F. E. Brander and the Countess of Balfour.

L. to r., Colonel George Rusk in the 1815 uniform of the Black Watch ; Mrs. Lionel Mackenzie, Mrs. George Malcolm and Colonel George Malcolm of Poltalloch, who produced the Waterloo episode.

o Waterloo (contd.)

The ball was in aid of the Old People's Welfare Council, and the Countess of Erroll, Lord High Constable of Scotland, and Lieut.-General C. M. Barber, K.B.E., C.B., D.S.O., who is G.O.C.-in-Chief Scottish Command and chairman of the ball committee, received the guests.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by George Konig.

Mr. and Mrs. Basil Skinner whirling round together. He is wearing the 1815 uniform of the Royal Scots Greys.

Brigadier A. I. Buchanan-Dunlop in the appropriate uniform of the Royal Scots Fusiliers, with Mrs. Buchanan-Dunlop.

Both attractively dressed for the Waterloo period are Miss Iris Fairweather and Mr. J. B. Forrester.

At the flower-backed bar are, *l. to r.*, Mr. Islay Campbell, Mr. Allen D'Arcy Horn, the Duke of Rutland, Miss Fiona Campbell-Walter, Count Michael Michalowski, Miss Anne Braithwaite and Mrs. Sitwell.

Mr. Geoffrey Dunlop leaving the supper room with Miss Angela Palmer-Douglas, who wore her great-great-grandmother's amethyst ear-rings and necklace.

L. to r., Lieut. Sandy Boswell, Lieut. Peter Mackellar, Lieut. James Stirling and Major David Wilson, all in the 1815 uniform of the 91st Foot, now the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders.

Quadrille dancing by Captain W. Elliot, Captain J. R. Findlay, Mr. Peter Selkirk, Mr. Raymond Johnstone, Miss Anne Barber, Miss Angela Palmer-Douglas, Miss Amanda Noel Paton and the Hon. Patricia Hill.

J. I. Disley

SPORTING BACKGROUND

By Louis T. Stanley

Maureen Connolly

The A.A.A. Championships

I CAME away from White City with my brain ticking like a stop-watch. To appreciate athletics you need a lively appreciation of the importance of split-seconds. Enthusiasts had their fill at the A.A.A. Championships, with five records smashed and two equalled. The times were astonishingly good. John Disley's two miles steeplechase was memorable. He clocked 9 mins. 44 secs., which was faster than the previous best in this event anywhere in the world. On that form, Disley's Olympic chances are bright, particularly as the previous favourite, Peter Segedin, of Yugoslavia, after streaking away like a scalded cat at the start, had to be content with third place. I was informed by an Olympic veteran that Disley's task at Helsinki will not be so exacting. At White City he had to clear 32 hurdles and 8 water jumps. At Helsinki, in the 3000 metres, he will only be called upon to clear 28 hurdles and 7 water jumps, the inference being that therefore the gold medal is as good as won. I hope the prophecy is correct, but I think we are counting our Olympic chickens before they are hatched.

Not so long ago I discussed this point in a broadcast with Lord Burghley and the Olympic hurdler, Donald Findlay. It was felt that there is a tendency to underestimate the quality of the American entry. Numerically we know now that their team will be 333-man strong, due to the eleventh-hour assistance from Bing Crosby and Bob Hope, their 14½-hour non-stop "telethon" programme realising over £357,000 earmarked to meet the Olympic expenses. Past records underline the danger. In 1924 and 1936 the United States won twelve men's events. In 1932 and 1948 the total was eleven. I anticipate a similar margin in Helsinki. That would leave roughly fourteen events to be parcelled out between fifty other nations. In that event, those optimistic predictions will need pruning. An English-speaking approach is more encouraging. Out of the eleven Olympic meetings, the United States and the British Commonwealth have won 198 titles; Scandinavia (Finland, Norway and Sweden), 53; the rest of the world, 42.

It will be interesting to see how Macdonald Bailey fares. At White City he registered his usual double—100 and 220 yards—like a flash of ebony lightning. He told me that he now holds twelve championships to his credit, only one short of the overall record held by Denis Morgan, the weight-putter. Bailey is refreshingly confident about his chances. His ambition is to equal Jesse Owens' Olympic double. But again it is difficult to assess current international form. In 1932 the Olympic record for the 100 metres stood at 10·6 secs. In 1948 this time was beaten on nineteen occasions. The present Russian champion, Vladimir Sukharev, claims to have clocked 10·3 secs. on two occasions, whilst the German champion has been credited with 10·4 secs. Be that as it may. Bailey believes that his main opposition will come from the United States, where some of the reported times sound sensational. The phenomenon of an ever-improving standard is thought-provoking. Since the century began, the one-mile record has improved by roughly ¼ min.; the long jump by over 18 ins.; the high jump by approximately 6 ins.

Feminine Contradictions

I HAVE no wish to be controversial, but to digress for a moment, a word in season about feminine athletes is not out of place. Considering the fact that women are still a novelty in Olympic Games, they do remarkably well. The weaker sex were barred from the Olympic Games of the Greeks. The veto lasted for nearly 3000 years. It was broken in 1912 at Stockholm, when girl swimmers appeared for the first time. Amsterdam, 1928, was the first time that women took part on a large scale. It was only in 1932 that the women of Great Britain were represented. Women athletes have been emancipated, yet I confess that the decisions regarding eligibility are puzzling. I fail to appreciate the logic which rules that a woman can paddle a canoe but must not row a boat, whilst sailing is out of the question. They can fence, but not shoot. They can swim, but not play hockey. They can do gymnastics, but riding a horse, basketball or cycling are forbidden. They are denied the doubtful privilege of lifting the weight, but are allowed to putt the weight. An 800-metres race is out of the question. It was tried in 1928, but some competitors were so exhausted that the experiment was never repeated. Even the 200-metres race can be too long for women. To restore the balance, it is interesting to note that the modern female world record for the 100 metres is ·5 sec. better than the male Olympic winner of 1896, and within ·3 sec. of the 1906 figure.

A final A.A.A. postscript. It was, in every sense, a Royal occasion. I shall not soon forget the evident enjoyment of the Queen and Princess Margaret as they stood by Harold Abrahams and Rex Alston in the lofty commentator's nest. Some of those murmurs that listeners might have heard could well have been off-the-record Royal comments.

The Unfashionable Side of Ascot

PUNTER'S joy . . . five successful favourites—two at odds-on—out of twenty-four races. Noel Murless, Boyd-Rochfort and Jack Jarvis without a winner. Patriotic consolation . . . the Gold Cup was won by a horse without a foreign accent.

Teeshots and Divots

IT is over twenty years since an amateur won the Open. Two men are capable of repeating the feat—the American Frank Stranahan, and Ronnie White, England's No. 1 amateur. The difference between these two golfers is marked. One seldom plays competitive golf, the other rarely stops. I do not profess to understand Stranahan's approach to the game. Never have I known such unremitting energy. Year after year the daily routine of practice and play goes on. He told me recently that he had only been home one week since last October. The rest of the time had been spent matching his skill against America's leading professionals and amateurs. Stranahan has two ambitions—to win the Open titles of Great Britain and the United States. He has just failed in the American Open, but our Open at Lytham may well see him finish in the first six places. Ronnie White, on the other hand, takes his golf less seriously. Since winning the Brabazon Trophy last season, after his remarkable Walker Cup success, he has kept in the background. There has been speculation about his current form. Well, I stayed with him recently in Southport. We visited Birkdale and Hoylake. His shot-making bore the hall-mark of the true champion. White could win the Open. Like Stranahan, he will be at Lytham. The only difference is that the Englishman will be a spectator. If White played as regularly as Stranahan, the only news value of championships would be speculation on the identity of the runner-up.

Random Comments

THE Test Match petered out to an anti-climax. For forty-five minutes a sprinkling of spectators who, for once, got in for nothing, watched Hutton and May scratch about for the 37 runs needed to win. It was a peculiar atmosphere. The occasional handclap, desultory or ironical, echoed like a deserted Albert Hall. The end came on a sober note. Compton registered the necessary runs. Gone are the undignified days of fighting for souvenir stumps. Umpires Chester and Lee solemnly uprooted the stumps, laid them reverently on the pitch, and everyone trooped decorously into the pavilion for an early lunch. The morning play was quite unnecessary. The night before, only 77 runs were wanted, with an hour and 20 minutes to play. Hutton has proved an admirable skipper, but he slipped up on his choice of batsmen. Had he sent in Evans and Compton, or Evans and Graveney, a rumbustious knock would have ended the match on the ideal note. It is just as well that rain did not intervene on behalf of the Indians. Had it done so, the post mortem would indeed have been vocal.

It is too early to comment on Wimbledon, yet at the time of writing it has been somewhat dull. The quality of tennis has been sound, but there is a marked absence of colourful personalities. The feminine entry lacks glamour. I admit that a few inches of lace does not make a champion, nor is a title determined by the cut of a competitor's panties, but as a mere male I do notice the dearth of players like Gussie Moran, Nancy Chaffee, and Beverley Baker. So far, our only off-the-court entertainment is to speculate whether Maureen Connolly or "Teach" Tennant is the one that is suffering from fibrositis. For natural feminine charm and unaffected poise, my vote goes to Louise Brough.

TO APPEAR IN *THE INNOCENTS*

Adapted by William Archibald from the eerie *The Turn of the Screw*, by Henry James, *The Innocents* comes to Her Majesty's Theatre to-morrow evening (July 3). Miss Flora Robson, sketched by Grant Macdonald and photographed in character above, plays the part of the governess, Miss Giddens, who gradually becomes caught up in the spell of supernatural terror surrounding a vast English country house in the last century, where she goes to look after two children (played by Jeremy Spenser and twelve-year-old Carol Wolveridge). Barbara Everest is in the fourth rôle as the housekeeper who adds to the sinister atmosphere.

A close-up of the painting of the house as it was in 1723.

WHERE THE WILD
EX-FARMHOUS

When Kensington was a village, 200 years ago, there was a farmhouse where 58, Drayton Gardens now stands. Mary Gordon West, the sister of Mr. Gautret-Goldsmith, who now lives there with his wife, has painted a picture of the house as it was, which is now set above the front door. Until the last century Kensington and Chelsea were villages with tinkling streams and browsing flocks and herds. Before Tudor times a forest covered the district, and it has become urban by very slow degrees. The wild woods were cleared away; fields, cottages and farms took their place, and the manor houses of the Earls of Oxford, from whom Earl's Court gets its name, and their family, the de Veres, were built. With the Industrial Revolution the

Above: Mary Gordon West, sister of Mr. Gautret-Goldsmith, standing outside 58, Drayton Gardens under her painting of the house as it was in the eighteenth century.

Part of the landing, with its linenfold panelling and old English pewter plates, of which Mr. Gautret-Goldsmith has a collection, French and English, of different periods—the date can be determined by the width of the rim.

Fine examples of the metal-worker's art in the dining-room. The cups are Elizabethan; the candlesticks Queen Anne and Charles I.; the other things mostly Georgian. The cupboards are cleverly lit by concealed interior lighting.

Mr. Gautret-Goldsmith examining one of his treasures : a Limoges enamel Ikon.

THYME BLEW : THE OF KENSINGTON

asphalt jungle crept up to take the place of the old forest, but at 58, Drayton Gardens much of the past is preserved.

Many of the treasures appear in our photographs, but there are many more besides. Upstairs, let into the panelling, and lit up, are Chinese figures from the collection of the late Lord Kitchener. Among things in the drawing-room are a Louis Quatorze chest of drawers, exquisitely inlaid, and four figures of Chinese water-carriers which actually hold water. Downstairs on the way into La Taverne in our photograph, a Renaissance box, unopenable unless you know the secret, humps mysteriously beneath a flattering Queen Anne mirror ; on the mantelpiece in the room opposite is a row of very old and unusual Toby jugs.

This basement room in the house is called *La Taverne* by its owners. The doorway is framed in part of an Elizabethan four-poster bed ; beyond the wrought-iron gate a Toby jug dominates the ledge beneath carved panelling ; *on the right* is a Gothic Madonna and Child ; the chairs are Cromwellian.

Mr. and Mrs. Gautret-Goldsmith, with their cat, out in the Spanish-looking courtyard-garden. A lusty chestnut tree gives shade if needed. The outer edges of a newly-installed fountain are just visible at the bottom of the picture.

A corner of the dining-room, with another cupboard in which are Louis Quinze wine-tasters, made for and exclusively used by individuals of the day. In the foreground is a deeply-carved fifteenth-century chest.

★ AT THE CINEMA ★

with C. A. LEJEUNE

TO pretend that one really *minds* what the cinema does to *Ivanhoe* must be an affectation in at least nine English people out of ten. It would certainly be an affectation in me. I have not looked at Sir Walter Scott's novel for more than a quarter of a century, and although I remember enjoying parts of it as a child—the jousting and the Black Knight, and all the bits about the forest—it was not one of my favourite historical romances even then.

Much closer to my heart were Conan Doyle's *The White Company* and *Sir Nigel*; Dumas' magnificent *Musketeers*; A. E. W. Mason's *Clementina*; a long-forgotten book by Edna Lyall called *In the Golden Days*; and two especial treasures which I subsequently discovered to have been written by an American Quaker—Howard Pyle's *Men of Iron* and his *Adventures of Robin Hood and his Merrie Men*.

Even among the Waverley Novels I rated *Ivanhoe* less highly than *Quentin Durward* and *The Talisman*; largely, perhaps, because my dear mother, in her impassioned pursuit of liberty and justice, tried so hard to impress on me the lesson of tolerance, by dwelling on the Isaac of York and Rebecca sequences. I thought Isaac a dreary old bore, and Rebecca an ugly name, reminding me of ipecacuanha, a foul medicine that I was forced to swallow during periodic colds on the chest. On the few occasions on which we children played at *Ivanhoe*, it was always "Bags I Rowena"—a far more romantic name. What I remember most vividly about the story, for some obscure reason, is Gurth the Swineherd and his pigs, and the information that pigs eat acorns; a fascinating fact which had not been imparted to this town-bred child until then.

At all events, when I say that I found the screen version of *Ivanhoe* disappointing, you should understand that I am not complaining of literary sacrilege or mis-translation, but simply of what seem to me wasted film opportunities. With all those resources at their command, with a cast of stars and near-stars and lots of money, it seems to me they might have made a better picture than they did.

Ivanhoe was done in England by an American company, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Four Hollywood stars—Robert Taylor, Elizabeth Taylor, Joan Fontaine and George Sanders—were brought across the ocean to play the leading parts, appearing as Ivanhoe, Rebecca, Rowena and De Bois-Guilbert respectively. Our Emlyn Williams, who also gets star billing, struggles with the violently curtailed rôle of the jester, Wamba; while other native talents familiar to British audiences, such as Felix Aylmer as Isaac of York, Finlay Currie as Ivanhoe's dad and Rowena's guardian Cedric, Norman Wooland as Richard Cœur de Lion, Harold Warrender as Robin Hood (passing here under the alias of Locksley) are featured, more or less prominently. Hundreds of British small-part actors and extras mill about the scene.

It is claimed that *Ivanhoe* is the biggest film ever to come out of a British studio. I believe it. It looks it. Tournaments, sieges, mass displays of somewhat haphazard archery, single combat in the lists before multitudes of spectators, not to mention an attempt to burn Miss Taylor at the stake for a witch, foiled in the nick of time by King Richard and his posse, keep the screen constantly busy, while vigorous Technicolor keeps it highly coloured.

The action ranges violently from basement to battlements, and the costumes the players dress up in are immensely gay and stylish. Miss Fontaine, the fair Rowena, comes mostly in shades of tender blue and primrose; while Miss Taylor, the pert-nosed, dark Rebecca, chooses a deep crimson, with a bold Eastern *motif* in the accessories. The most striking costumes, however, are worn by the horses. Most of the caparisoned chargers go in for candy-stripes, matching the striped pavilions; but one notes that the fashionable black-and-white combination is affected by the smartest entry for the Rothewood Stakes.

Ivanhoe is no mean show. Little boys will relish the fine, confused fighting, and those interested in the niceties of mediæval architecture should be fascinated by the composites of castles. Perhaps the less said about the acting the better. It would be absurd to expect serious performers to dint the surface of this spectacle. The film has the first asset of a moving picture—movement. In deploring the general lack of artistry I am possibly being ungrateful. But it would have been so nice if the romance had been romantic, the images imaginative, the history historic, and the whole thing a good film as well as a good show.

"WHO GOES THERE!", a midget beside the mammoth *Ivanhoe*, is the sort of comedy, poking affectionate fun at cherished national institutions, that could only be made in Britain by the British. It is clearly enough a translation of a stage play, and author John Dighton, in adapting his own material for the screen, has made no great attempt to hide its theatre origin. Except when the camera is employed in following the Guards along the streets, or recording the proceedings of the parade-ground, *Who Goes There!* is mainly an indoor work, and the dialogue and much of the acting are of the kind to be found as a general rule behind the footlights. The piece is none the less entertaining for all that. To paraphrase the celebrated song from *The Arcadians*, it's a short film but a gay one.

The scene will be a novel one to the majority of picturegoers. The action takes place in one of the Grace and Favour houses in St. James's Palace. Here, in a gracious haunt of peace, rudely shattered at intervals by the sound of Guards' bands, bugles and barks of command from the neighbouring barracks and parade-grounds, lives Sir Hubert Cornwall (A. E. Matthews), an ancient and eccentric Assistant Gold Stick, with his philandering son (Nigel Patrick) and business-like daughter (Valerie Hobson).

Outside, in the sentry-box, stands awkward Coldstream Guardsman Arthur Crisp (George Cole), casting sheep's-eyes at the daughter of the house, who is contemplating marriage with a heavy major (Anthony Bushell). This is the position of parties when Arthur's neglected fiancée (Peggy Cummins) turns up from Ireland, having eaten nothing but a bun at Holyhead, and startles the Guardsman out of his wits by accosting him on duty, and promptly fainting at his feet. In a fit of understandable panic he picks the young woman up, and pops her quickly into the Grace and Favour house, intending to have her collected by an obliging pal from a milk bar, before the family comes home.

What follows is in the accepted tradition of comedy. The son of the house returns, and falls headlong in love (for the moment) with the adorable colleen. The daughter of the house returns, to find the stranger, wrapped in her dressing-gown, about to use her bath and occupy her bed. The unhappy Guardsman returns, to blurt out his infatuation for the lady, and expostulate with his infuriating fiancée, and finds himself charged with desertion from his post and put under arrest. The heavy major returns and throws his weight about extra heavily. The master of the house returns, to find everything at sixes and sevens. Only a telephone call to Buckingham Palace can eventually put things right.

There are moments in *Who Goes There!* when the dialogue gets rather on top of the fragile plot, and we feel we could do with a breathing-space between jokes. Many of the lines, though, are very funny indeed, and director Anthony Kimmins and his smart cast of players take the whole thing along at a spanking rate. "Wasn't it *lovely*?" an ardent female stranger breathed down the back of my neck as we came out. No, madam, whoever you were, it wasn't; not lovely, but very lively; with the hint of a whimsical and educated mind in charge of the fun.

IVANHOE. The jousting tournament at Ashby, during which Ivanhoe, dressed as the Black Knight, unseats one of the Norman Knights.

WHO GOES THERE! Christina (*right*) tries vainly to explain to Miles's sister Alex how she happens to be in the house at all.

Our Fashion Portfolio

Peggy Thorpe-Bates in this beautiful Roecliff and Chapman gown presents a startling contrast to the inset picture showing her in the part of Mary Tudor in *The Young Elizabeth*, which moved to the Criterion Theatre two days ago (June 30). In private life Miss Thorpe-Bates, actress wife of an actor husband, is the mother of two children. The dress she is wearing here is a "cocoon" of feathery tulle shaded in tones of café-au-lait, bronze and nigger, with a tight-fitting braided top, speckled with bronze beads. The enormous skirt forms tiers on one side, and a long, also shaded, stole swathes bare shoulders. Priced at about 51 gns., this model will shortly be available from Richard Bird, Knightsbridge, and Ella Stewart of Edinburgh.

(Continued overleaf.)

Our Fashion Portfolio (Contd.)

This arrow-slim evening dress is by Frederick Starke, in emerald and blue satin brocade. A striking band of emerald grosgrain is slotted under the bodice—it shows through in the deep V—and ties at the back in a huge "bustle" bow just above the waist, with the fringed ends cascading to the ground. Robell, of Baker Street, and Marshall and Snelgrove, Leicester, will soon be having it at about £32 10s.

The Wetherall "MacRaincoat" is smartly tailored in a proofed linen-finished material. It has concealed buttoning, two large patch pockets and a useful ticket-pocket. Saddle-stitched in white, it comes in rust, ice-blue, scarlet and tan, price about 14½ gns. Matching deerstalker hat is 2 gns.

Above: A simple washing dress in "Gaylin" fabric with pleated bib yoke and full gathered skirt. The attractive little "miniature" brooch is included in the price of 9½ gns. Usual Wetherall colours.

Left: Indispensable and versatile "separates" for cooler days. The plain white piqué blouse (3½ gns.) is topped by a maize doeskin waistcoat which has neat revers and little gilt buttons. Also to be had in ice-blue, tan, snuff and scarlet, it costs about 6½ gns. The wrap-over pencil skirt in fine grey worsted is 8½ gns.; also available in plaid and various other colours. From Wetherall.

(Continued overleaf.)

Our Fashion Portfolio (Contd.)

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by W. J. Pilkington.

For the Slender Purse:

This coat and suit ensemble by Elmoor is eminently suitable for town or country wear, and is an excellent buy for those whose clothes have to do double duty. The well-cut, "dateless" suit in slate-grey, soft woollen material has a high revered jacket with nipped waist, and unusual transparent buttons which are grey or amber according to how the light catches them. The skirt is finely pleated all round. Double cloth is used for the completely reversible coat; that on the outside being similar to the suit, and on the inside, horizontally striped with red and grey. Other details are Raglan sleeves, the fly-away collar and semi-swing back. The suit is 9 gns., coat 10½ gns., from D. H. Evans, Hunts of Bond Street, and Guy and Smith, Grimsby. (Available from August onwards, hip sizes, 36-42.) Kangol "Muffin" beret (various colours) is 10s. 6d. at Peter Robinsons.

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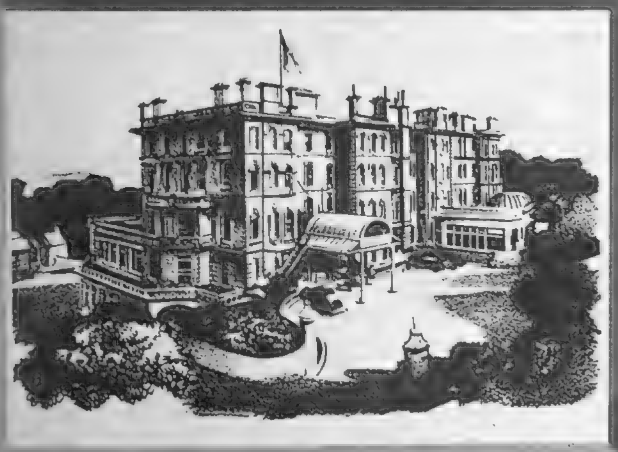

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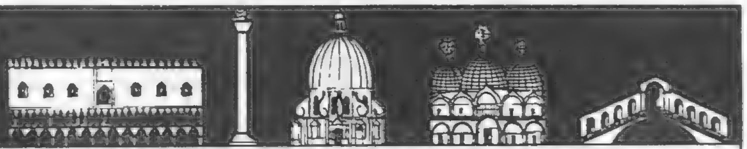

VENICE

LIDO

EVENTS 1952

26th INTERNATIONAL BIENNIAL EXHIBITION OF ART	June 14 - October 19
SYMPHONY CONCERTS IN THE DOGES PALACE	July 1 - 31
International Motorboat Races	July 13
THE FEAST OF THE REDEEMER	July 19
Air Week and International Aeronautical Show	July 24 - 27
MURANO REGATTA	August 3
NIGHT FETE ON THE GRAND CANAL	August 16
AT THE PALAZZO GRASSI:	
EXHIBITION "THE SILK INDUSTRY"	August 18 - October 19
PERFORMANCES IN THE OPEN	August 20 - September 10
13th INTERNATIONAL FILM FESTIVAL	August 20 - September 12
Opera Season in Campo Sant'Angelo	August
FESTIVAL OF FASHION	September 1 - 7
HISTORICAL REGATTA	September 7
INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL of CONTEMPORARY MUSIC	September 10 - 22
WORLD CONGRESS OF ARTISTS UNDER THE AUSPCIES OF U.N.E.S.C.O.	September 22 - 28
13th INTERNATIONAL THEATRE FESTIVAL	September 23 - October 5

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● THE WORLD OF MOTORING

SMOOTHING THE CHANNEL CROSSING . . . THE ECONOMICAL "SOMERSET" . . . NO BOUQUETS FOR THE B.R.M.

By William Hartley

Judges at the recent Concours d'Elegance at Epping were Mr. William Hartley (our Motoring Correspondent, *right*) and Mrs. Aubrey Buxton, daughter of the late racing motorist Tim Birkin. With them (open jacket) is Mr. Denis Churchill, the organiser.

THERE is an undoubted fascination about the sea and about overseas travel with a car, and each year, in spite of difficulties of currency, more and more motorists are making Continental journeys. The Channel crossing introduces a new element right at the start of the trip and the holiday thus acquires an early flavour of the unusual.

The new British Railways vessel, the T.S. *Lord Warden*, has just come into service, and it seems to offer the sort of facilities which appeal. The accommodation aboard is very well arranged and the decorations are worthy of note. The comfort of the passengers, whether they wish to rest, eat or drink, is assured. The 120 cars will be very speedily disembarked at Boulogne-sur-Mer with the aid of the fine new and very long ramp that is lowered on to the car-deck as the vessel is backed into its special berth. The handsome modern concrete quay, with its sweeping curves and road slopes, will, when fully finished, present a fine sight, with everything arranged for simplicity for the driver. (I was privileged to drive ashore the first motor-coach ever. The luxurious Daimler was much admired as we swung to the top and I was delighted to be able to drive into France with a load of well-known colleagues of the Press and others, including Mr. Charles Max-Muller, the head of B.B.C. Outside Broadcasts.)

It is rather a pity that we have to record that the ramp at the English end is not completed yet, and cars will have to be craned on and off the *Lord Warden* for a further few months. I hope it will be ready in time for next January's Monte Carlo competitors. The speed of loading and unloading, together with the rapid crossing of which this vessel is capable, should please them greatly.

THE latest version of the Austin A 40, known as the "Somerset," is an interesting development of what has become one of the most familiar of cars on our roads to-day. And on many roads overseas, too, to judge by the great number that have been exported. The body, of course, is changed, and falls into line in appearance with the larger "Hereford" and also the "Seven," with four windows instead of six. This plan has increased the size of the doors, which is welcome.

Over some 700 miles I found the "Somerset" almost sparkling to drive, and at the same time the petrol consumption worked out well to the right side of 30 per gallon, which, as many of the miles were quite hard driven, is creditable.

I liked the body quite well, although all the attention to draughts, dust and waterproofing that is done nowadays seems to involve a little trouble in closing the doors. That, by the way, is not an exclusive Austin fault; others share it! Rated against price, I would place the "Somerset" very high, and if one cares to make a calculation bringing in proportional price increases with pre-war days, it offers remarkable value for money, way ahead of pre-war cars.

I SEE there has been some satisfaction in certain quarters in the recent slight fall in road casualties. We all have our own pet theory as to how the figures could be substantially reduced and safety increased. I have many "cure-all" ideas given to me. Mr. Wynford Vaughan-Thomas, in his personal enquiry into the subject for the B.B.C.'s Light Programme, tackled all interested parties, and I think their answers and suggestions were indicative of the size of the problem. Speaking for cyclists and for pedestrians, their representatives gave away their inability to admit any wrong at all. The motorists and the motor-cyclists were not much better, either.

If I am to add my contribution to the debate I suggest that, for a start, all road-users might well give to and have much greater consideration for each other. Common courtesy alone would bring about a most pleasing result if universally practised on the highway. Driving tests will never be the answer. A great campaign for considerate use of the public highway at all times by all users would indicate how life and limb might be saved.

LOOKING ahead, the sporting fixtures are interesting. We have the British Grand Prix (for Formula 2) and the B.R.M.'s scheduled appearance at the same meeting and at Boreham in August. One could write pages about the B.R.M., and the suggestions of the knowing are as numerous as those for road safety! But I fear we shall hear little more of this present car, and whether or not a new series is designed and built for future Grand Prix racing is open to conjecture. But so far the entire project has done us far more harm than good.

An event that will be followed with wide interest is the National Economy Rally which the Cheltenham Motor Club are organising for late July. Competitors will have to cover more than 850 miles with sealed tanks and petrol will be strictly measured. The resulting consumption will be worked out in relation to engine performance, revealed in special tests, and with the seating capacity of the car. This is interesting, because it brings out the whole basis upon which so many people have to work when considering the suitability of the car of their choice.

The Sunbeam-Talbot entry for the famous and hazardous Alpine Trial in mid-July looks formidable. Stirling Moss, driving the car he brought into second place in the Monte Carlo Rally, heads the team.

A SHOPPING TREASURE HUNT

By Susan Carr

ONE of my holiday problems every year is that of finding food for the dog—he goes everywhere with the family and is used to a diet of horse-meat which is not always to be obtained in a remote seaside or country village. The discovery of *Dogs' Dinners* has now provided the solution. Without any trouble at all you can secure best-quality horse-meat for your dog (or cat), either minced, chopped or in a piece, and either cooked or raw. The meat is obtainable in ½-lb. or 1-lb. cartons from the shop at 26, Holbein Place, Sloane Square, S.W.1, or can be delivered by a three-times-a-week London delivery service. The Dinners are sent by special post anywhere in the United Kingdom and I am assured that they go regularly as far north as Inverness and westwards to Land's End and always arrive in good condition. At present the price, including delivery, is 3s. per lb. for quantities of less than 7 lb. a week, but 2s. 9d. per lb. for 7 lb. or over. Normally the price is 3d. per lb. less, but at the moment there is a seasonal increase. If you find that you unexpectedly need an extra pound of meat at any time a telephone call to Sloane 8097 will result in its being sent to you by special messenger at no extra cost.

* * *

A home ice-cream maker is a boon and an economy where there are children in the family. One that I can recommend incorporates a sealed roller which contains a permanent freezing mixture which never has to be renewed. The roller is placed in the ice-box of your refrigerator and left for some three or four hours until the contents are solid. It is then placed in the ice-cream machine into which you pour a prepared ice-cream mix (a 9-oz. packet containing enough for three or four ¾-pint mixes costs 3s. 4d. and is obtainable at most grocers). You then turn the handle of the roller for about five minutes and the ice-cream is made. The *Ice King* home ice-cream maker costs 5 guineas and can be bought at Harrods, where it is also demonstrated.

* * *

Two really useful "finds" for the kitchen are a nylon scourer and a plate-rack. The former is called *Nyleska* and costs 2s. 2d. I found that mine soon lost its original neat shape, but this in no way affected its usefulness or length of life. It is resilient enough to cope with dirty pots and pans, but being neither scratchy nor wiry it doesn't break your nails or ruin your nail varnish. The plate-rack I mentioned is made of aluminium and can be folded and put away any time you wish. It is called a "Crocolder" and holds twenty plates in a surprisingly small space; it costs 6s. Both the scourer and plate-rack can be bought at the Army and Navy as well as at other stores and ironmongers.

* * *

Real Indian gauze scarfs in wonderful colourings cost as little as 12s. 6d. at Liberty's in Regent Street. At the time of writing the stocks of scarfs at this price are rather low, but for 15s. 6d., 17s. 6d. and 19s. 6d. there is still a good range in many pastel shades. I saw so many beautiful scarfs in this department, a large number most reasonably priced, that I was tempted to buy two or three.

* * *

Tailpiece this month is, appropriately enough, a cushion and combined beach bag. It is made of plastic and can be used for carrying swimming-suits, bathing towels or anything else. When you reach your destination it can be inflated in a moment into a comfortable cushion. This *Kushey-Karrier*, as it is called, only costs 5s. 6d. and can be bought at the Civil Service Stores in the Strand.

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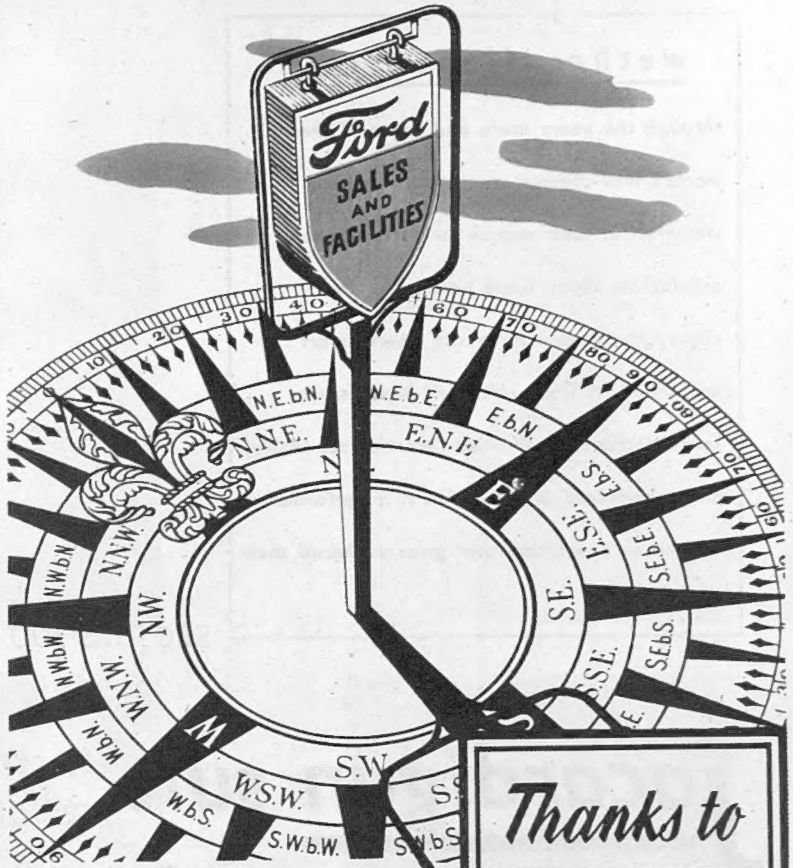

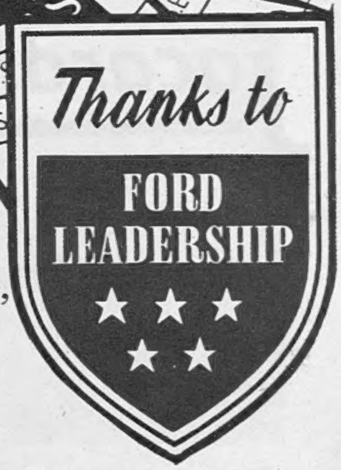

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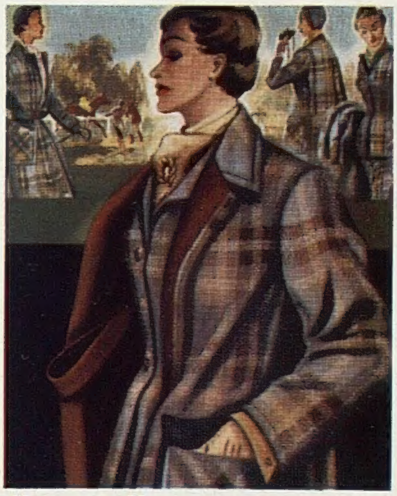

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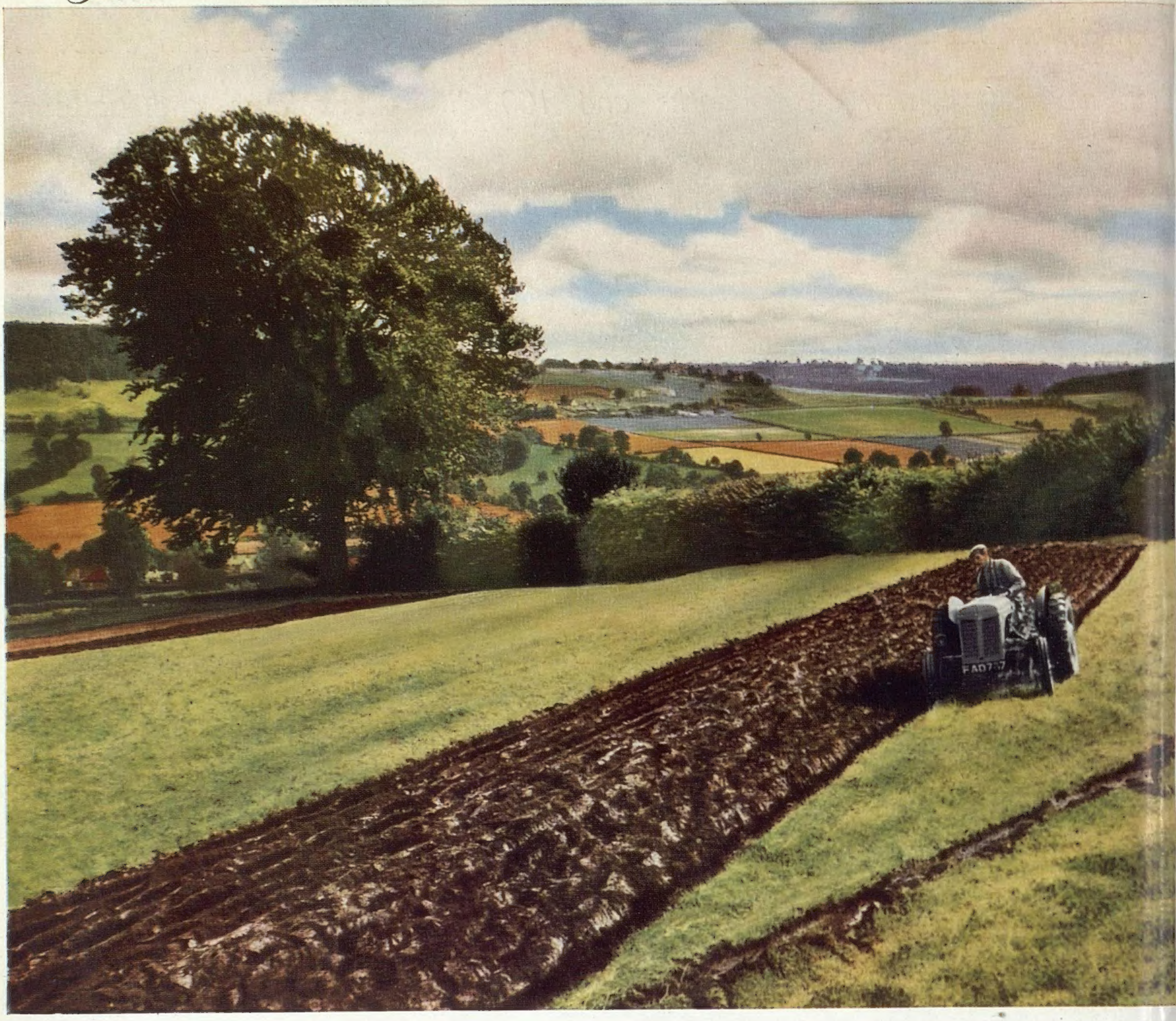

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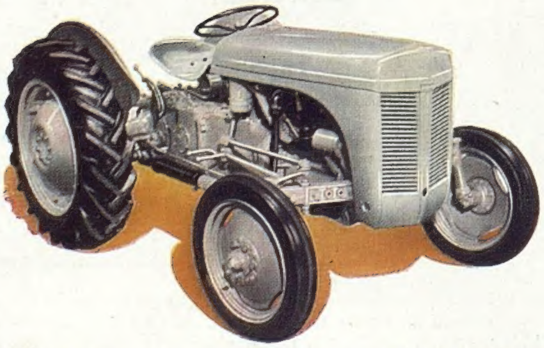

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